

IN AND OUT OF THE LINES



IN AND OUT OF THE LINES

AN ACCURATE ACCOUNT OF
INCIDENTS DURING THE OC-
UPATION OF GEORGIA BY
FEDERAL TROOPS IN 1864-65

BY

FRANCES THOMAS HOWARD



NEW YORK AND WASHINGTON
THE NEALE PUBLISHING COMPANY

1905

1
H?

May 19, 1905
117238

COPYRIGHT, 1905
BY FRANCES T. HOWARD

TO THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTHERN
CONFEDERACY WHO YET HOLD DEAR
THE FOUR IMMORTAL YEARS OF OUR
PAST, THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED BY

The Author.

PREFACE

The account which is here presented was written in 1870, but circumstances made its publication at that time impracticable. It tells with absolute truth the experience of one Southern family during the year 1864-1865. There are to-day living witnesses who can testify to the accuracy of the recital.

The story of the war itself, of the battles which were fought and of the victories which were won by our fathers and brothers, has been carefully written up. There were officers on the field whose duty it was to make reports, and since the struggle ended men of ability in the interest of history have searched out these reports, have sifted the truth from the fiction, and have written up the story for those who come after us. But in the homes of the South, and particularly in those districts which were between the lines occupied at one time by Federal Troops, at another by the Confederates, there were no commanding generals or subordinate officers to submit reports of what occurred, and no historian to write out the happenings of each day, and yet in these homes were enacted some of the most heroic deeds and some of the grimdest tragedies of the war. Here the South was represented only by her women

and children, but they often suffered hardships as great as were endured on the field of battle, and in all their trials they showed an unfaltering devotion to the cause. Their story should be written out.

It should not be written in any hostile or unfriendly spirit, because to-day we are again a united people; the Southern States are once more a part of the Union, and the Southern mothers of to-day are ready to make for that Union every sacrifice which could be asked of true patriotism and loyal devotion. Only three years since, when we were involved in war with Spain, Southern mothers sent their sons to fight for the old flag, and the prayers of Southern women were offered on every hearthstone for its success. But as a matter of history, the events and doings of those years ought to be written out. As a matter of common interest the story ought to go down to future generations, so that in times to come the whole world may know, and particularly the people of the South may know, something of the sufferings of the Southern women in 1864-65, and something of the courage and devotion with which they did their part.

THE AUTHOR.

CEMENT, GA.

April 12, 1905.

In and Out of the Lines.

CHAPTER I.

IN the spring of 1864, about the middle of May, my father left the Confederate Army — then at Dalton, N. Ga., some thirty or forty miles distant—and came to tell us that the army was retreating, and that we must go before it. We begged him to let us remain, for we well knew what the fate of refugees was. To this he at length consented, then returned to his command.

At four o'clock on the morning of the 18th of May one of our servants awoke us to say that the army was passing. Dressing hurriedly we hastened to the upper gate, which opened directly upon the public road. A heavy gray mist at first concealed nearly everything from view, save objects only a few feet distant, but as the morning advanced the fog lifted, and as far as the eye extended nothing could be seen but a moving mass of men and horses.

The rail and wagon road—only a few feet apart at the gate—run parallel for a mile.

For that distance we could see clearly. Such a multitude! I felt inclined to agree with our old nurse, as she stood with uplifted hands, exclaiming, "I did not know dere was so much people in de worl'!"

The long night's march appeared not to have fatigued the men at all. They laughed and joked with each other as they passed, and occasionally gave us the cheering assurance that they were "going to lick Sherman and be back next week."

Several soldiers stopped at the creek and made their toilets, and one poor fellow, having scrubbed his face until it was scarlet, came up to Janet with a Bible in his hand. Stuttering horribly, he asked her to keep it for him as it was too heavy to carry longer, and he could not throw it away. On every available blank spot he had written "levi Bartlett his Booke."

The advance of Hardee's Corps, to which my father and brother belonged, now came in sight, and just as we were asking for the 63d Georgia, my brother hailed us. He had hurried on to tell us to meet my father at the lower gate. We ran to the house to give him breakfast, then hastened to the gate and found my father already there.

Faint and exhausted with the night's march, splashed with mud and grimy with the smoke of the camp-fire, he looked what he was—

a thorough Confederate soldier, who had stepped from the ranks a moment to say good-by to his wife and children, whom he might never see again, and who did it with a brave spirit and cheerful voice that they might feel the parting less. We gave him some refreshment and then a last good-by was said.

There was no time to grieve. We had much to do, and but a short time to do it in. My father had told us to collect the stock and send them off, for if we were prompt there was yet time.

The negroes were perfectly wild with excitement and incapable of anything, so we undertook the task ourselves. Janet and Sophy ran up to the hill pasture after the flock of four hundred sheep, while Maria and I busied ourselves collecting provisions for the overseer and servants who were to drive the stock.

In a short time Janet and Sophy returned with the sheep, and after driving them to the upper gate Janet went to the house and Sophy and I to the stables. The overseer and house boy had packed the wagon and everything was now ready, but one of the men had gone to his mother's house, half a mile off, and must be sent after; so mounting the boy on my pony Gipsey we told him to bring the man back as quickly as possible.

A half hour passed, still the boy did not return. We took the horses to the gate and waited. The overseer at length volunteered to go in search of the missing ones, and jumping on Effie, Sophy's pony, away he went. We were in the midst of a cavalry brigade, the men continually telling us that if we did not hurry the Yankees would catch the stock. The overseer had now been absent as long as the boy.

"Sophy," I said, "we can't stand this any longer."

"No," she replied; "I am going after them. Hold the little bay while I buckle this girth."

The bay, a half-broken four-year old, and nervous as a fine lady, was snorting and pawing with such excitement that it was with difficulty I held her while Sophy put her foot into my hand and sprang into the saddle. With a bound the bay was off, over the creek and tearing through the lines of cavalry that opened to let her pass. Sophy's pink dress soon vanished amid the countless gray jackets, and I remained waiting in painful suspense; but I had not long to suffer, for she soon returned, bringing the lost ones with her. Then the cavalcade started with many misgivings as to its final destination.

From this time until five o'clock we busied ourselves waiting on the soldiers and distributing among them a quantity of clothing de-

signed for a regiment in Virginia, but which that regiment was destined never to see.

At five o'clock we observed the cavalry in motion, where they had planted a battery on the hill just across the railroad, about two hundred yards from the house. We were wild to see the fight and ran to the brow of the hill, though the soldiers tried to make us go back.

Presently the battery opened and the enemy turned and scampered up the road. At this moment our old nurse appeared at the kitchen door waving a large iron ladle as she shouted to the Confederates, "Go it, my brave boys, go it!"

The enemy retreated a half mile, took another road and soon appeared on the other side of the house. The Confederates (Kelly's brigade of Mississippians) formed on the lawn, and over ditch and fence charged up the hill. Away went the Yankees, this time the Confederates following, yelling as only Confederates can yell. After a four miles' chase the two parties stopped at Mr. Burton's place and fought.

One hundred and thirty-five prisoners were taken and eighteen of the enemy killed. McPherson's Corps coming into view, our men beat a hasty retreat, unfortunately leaving behind them Colonel Earle, the commander of an Alabama regiment. He had sworn

never to be captured, and when surrounded and ordered to surrender, he shot the man issuing the order. Of course he was instantly killed. The next morning he was buried, in his trousers and shirt, on the terrace near Mr. Burton's window, and to this day the grass is green over his grave.

The skirmish, including the chase, took but a short time. Long before sunset the Confederates returned, bringing with them as prisoner a Major Grant, who had lost both horse and sword in the fight. Two years after one of the farm hands, while cleaning up the old field, found the sword and the skeleton of a horse concealed in a blackberry thicket.

Among the Confederates who returned to speak to us was a Dade County boy about seventeen or eighteen years of age. His attire was in a very dilapidated condition. This was especially true of his hat, which, rimless and very nearly crownless, displayed to advantage a shock of sandy hair. He rode a wiry little mountain pony, almost concealed by an enormous cavalry saddle, with a bright blanket and a broad, gilt breast-strap. Evidently the saddle and trappings had been intended for a much larger steed than the shaggy little fellow that then waddled under it.

“Hello!” said one of the soldiers, as the

boy rode up. "If that ain't Dave Pease with a new saddle. Say, Dave, while you was a-gettin' a saddle why didn't you try for a hat, too?"

"Try for a hat!" said the lad. "Didn't I try? I seed a Yank with a bran new one, an' says I, ole feller, I'm a-goin' to snatch *you* ball-headed. I tuck good aim at him, but the pony he got skyured and jumped jist as I fired, so I missed the Yank and killed his horse. I liked to have been pulled to pieces among them blasted bushes afore ever I could stop the pony. When I did git him stopped and rid back, the Yank were gone and had toted off his hat. But he'd left everything that was on the horse. Here's his haversack and his gal's pictur in it. But Lord! Lord!" he added with a sigh; "I did want his hat."

It was now quite late, so we went into the house and carried upstairs everything we could, the soldiers helping us with the heavier articles. We filled one room with provisions and kept the others as bedrooms.

Worn out with fatigue and excitement I went to bed at twelve o'clock and slept soundly for a few hours. The Confederates left before daybreak. This morning, like the previous one, dawned amidst a heavy fog. Three pickets, in gray overcoats and mounted on gray horses, were stationed on

the hill a short distance in the rear of the house. Just in front of them the fog seemed to have settled more heavily than elsewhere, entirely hiding them as well as ourselves from the enemy who were not more than fifty yards distant. We carried our men their breakfast, which they ate sitting on their horses, and while there we distinctly heard the Yankees talking. Between us was a rail fence, and on it perched a large, white rooster still enjoying his nap.

“Look at that fellow,” said a picket in a whisper. “The Yanks will make a good breakfast of him.”

“No they won’t,” said Sophy, as she softly crept to the fence and laid hold of the unsuspecting fowl, who gave a loud squawk as she bore him off in triumph.

“Run, run!” cried the picket. “The Yanks have heard you.”

We scampered over the stile, while our friend dashed around the corner, lying flat on his horse as the bullets whistled harmlessly over him.

A ball aimed at the picket buried itself in the servants’ room window, scattering splinters over the inmates, and with unearthly yells they rushed into the house.

We locked the doors and seated ourselves on the veranda to watch the course of events. The first Yankee that came past spoke civ-

illy and passed on. The next arrival was General Howard with his staff and escort. He came into the veranda with several of his men, sat down, drew out a map and proceeded to ask me many questions, all of which were of course answered evasively. He was anxious to know how many Confederates had passed. At length he said, "Did you say the whole of Johnston's Army passed on this road yesterday?"

"I did not say so," was my reply.

"Ah, no," he continued, "it was the corps to which your father belongs."

Receiving no response he continued:

"To what corps did you say your father belonged?"

"I did not say he belonged to any corps," I answered.

"If he is in the army he must belong to some corps," he replied impatiently.

"It would seem probable," was my answer.

He was very much annoyed. He sprang from his chair and, with flushed face, exclaimed: "Madam, when you meet a gentleman, treat him as such!"

We looked silently at each other and quietly left the veranda.

CHAPTER II.

THERE was such a continual knocking at the door that my mother said some one must remain downstairs, so Janet went to the dining-room and I to the parlor. This room had two large glass doors opposite each other and opening on the two verandas. The heavy winter curtains still overhung them, and I dropped them so as to conceal myself from the many soldiers who filled the piazzas.

Picking up a book, I sat for a few moments trying to fix my mind on the words before me. Some disturbance attracted the attention of the men and they left the house, and in the silence that followed I read understandingly. The only light in the room came through one pane of glass which I had left bare, but suddenly this was darkened, and, glancing at the window, I saw a hideous, grinning face flattened against the pane. As I looked the creature nodded and opened its disgusting mouth. I threw down my book and fled from the room.

My sisters were with my mother in her bedroom, where I joined them, and was telling of my late adventure when we were startled by the crash of a falling door.

“They are in the kitchen,” said my mother. We heard the tramp of many feet running

across the laundry floor and the next moment the pantry door went down, and they were hammering at my mother's dressing-room. We fled into the dining-room, locking the door behind us. Door after door came rattling down, while we stood with white faces silently looking at one another. Finally some one said: "Let us go upstairs." Hardly had we reached the hall when the mob entered the dining-room, and we raced upstairs and locked ourselves in one of the bedrooms.

There was an awful sound below: not a word uttered, only the tramp of heavy feet and a hoarse, indistinct, growling murmur. I put my fingers on my pulse and found it was beating steadily. I remember I thought I was quite calm. My sisters were deadly pale, though perfectly composed, but my mother cried bitterly. No one spoke. Each was nerving herself for the coming storm.

The Yankees thundered up the stairs. Our door was locked, but the others were open, and we heard them throwing down heavy articles of furniture. At last there came a pause, followed by a tremendous blow upon our door, which instantly flew open. The entry and rooms beyond were full of Yankees, many of them half nude. They looked silently at us for a few moments, then a sergeant, followed by a private, motioned back the others and entered the room. He walked to

the bureau, leaned upon it with both elbows, looked at himself in the glass, and began to caress his moustache. Smiling complacently at his reflected image, he turned to us.

“Ladies,” he said, “these fellows are annoying you, are they not?” No one replied to the question.

“What are you doing here, sir? Report instantly to your command!” said a voice at the door.

To our great delight we saw a lieutenant walk in, and it was he who had spoken.

“Did you hear, sir?” said the officer, sternly.

“I am aware that I have to report to my command,” replied the man sullenly, but still motionless.

Without another word the officer, a powerfully built young man, advanced, and seizing him by the collar dragged him to the head of the stairs, then, with a well applied kick from a foot encased in a heavy cavalry boot, sent him flying in the attitude of a diver downstairs.

While the lieutenant was still at the head of the stairs, no doubt admiring his recent good deed, several of the men slipped behind him into our room. Janet was the envied possessor of a seven-shooter which she carried hidden in her dress, and for the last quarter of an hour had kept her hand upon it. Sophy

being of a very excitable nature could not quietly endure the way our wardrobes and bureaus were being opened and the contents pitched about, so she caught Janet by the hand, exclaiming: "Give me the pistol, Janet! Give me the pistol! I'll shoot some of these wretches!"

"Sit down and behave yourself," said Janet.

"I won't. Give me the pistol!" insisted Sophy.

Janet pulled her down on the lounge and said soothingly: "Don't you know that you are making matters worse?"

"I don't care! I want to kill them! They ought to be killed!" she went on.

"That's true enough," said Janet, "but you can't do it." Just then the officer returned and the men ran out of the room.

After expressing his regret that we had been so roughly treated, the lieutenant said he had thought the house unoccupied, but as he was passing one of his men told him there were ladies in it, and he had come to investigate.

We begged to be put through the lines at once, but he informed us it was almost impossible, as the Rebels were steadily retreating and the Federals as steadily advancing, so that there were no lines. Then we requested that he obtain a guard for us.

"I will do that with pleasure," said he, and

began to descend. We cried out to him not to leave us without some protection. The poor man looked quite bewildered, not knowing what to do. We wanted him to get us a guard, and yet we were afraid to be left.

It is no wonder we were still afraid, for, although our room had been cleared, the stairs and hall below were full of these horrible looking men, scowling and doggedly refusing to obey their officer's repeated order to leave the house. Those below swung themselves up and hung on to the banisters. In vain did he order them to go,—they pressed up the stairs.

"Men," he said, "what do you want? You are behaving more like fiends than men!"

At this moment there was a movement in the hall below. An officer was forcing his way through the crowd.

"Randolph," called the lieutenant, "I am glad you have come! I left my arms at the tent, or I would have shot some of these scoundrels. Help me to clear the house."

The two young officers proceeded to "clear the house" most energetically. The hall and lower stairs were soon empty, but the landing and stairs above were still full. On the landing was a man in a tightly buttoned frock coat, and being short was hidden by the taller men in front. Lieutenant Randolph soon discovered him.

“Major,” he said, “is it possible that you have witnessed this shameful scene without attempting to stop it?”

“I—I—I didn’t think the men were doing any harm,” answered the man addressed.

“Doing any harm!” indignantly exclaimed the lieutenant. “Don’t you *know* that an order was read to every company before we left Dalton that ‘no occupied house was to be entered?’”

The major muttered something indistinctly and sneaked off, followed by angry looks from the two subalterans.

The wildest uproar was going on in the parlor. The poor piano was being hammered as if it were an anvil, and my mother again asked for a guard. The officer who had first come to our assistance, said :

“I will go at once to see about it. You will not be afraid to remain with my friend, Lieutenant Randolph, will you? My name is Morrison; I am on General Sweeny’s staff, and as he condemns any occurrence like that which has just taken place, I have no doubt I can send you protection immediately.”

He bowed and withdrew. Lieutenant Randolph spoke very kindly and said that we had nothing more to fear, as he was sure the guard would arrive in a few moments and he would himself endeavor to have returned to us all that had been taken.

The guard soon came, and the men were stationed in the front and rear of the house. The two officers left and we descended to see what damage had been done.

Every door was open. Many of the lighter articles of furniture were gone: books, music and various ornaments had disappeared. The floor was covered with valuable old books in all stages of mutilation. Janet's beautiful set of Schiller—twelve volumes—gone, and she made bitter lamentation over the loss.

The mob could not have been more than fifteen minutes in the house, yet in that short space of time they had contrived to make it a disgusting sight to behold. Upon the pantry they had exerted the full strength of their genius. An old press, filled with odds and ends,—among other things, six old-timed bonnets and a calash that had belonged to my grandmother,—stood in this room. In another press was a quantity of lard, eight or ten gallons, and a large package of lampblack, and after carefully mixing the two, they smeared it over doors, walls and windows, and poured it over the floor. The six old bonnets and the calash we found in the lard can, well saturated with grease, and black with the mixture.

Hearing a scuffle in the next room, we went to see what was the matter. There we saw a man with a turkey under his arm and

he halfway out of the window, with the window down on him. He kicked and plunged at a great rate ; the turkey got away, and the man pitched headforemost out just as an officer came in.

A pair of heavy old-fashioned brass andirons stood in the fireplace, and Maria, usually the gentlest of the gentle, eyed them thoughtfully. "Mother," she said, "look at the andirons. We might have broken his back with them. What a pity we did not think of it!"

Years ago my father had brought with him from Paris a beaver hat in a box of exactly the same shape, only, of course, an inch or two more in diameter. The hat and the box had quietly reposed for many a day in the lumber-room, but now an enterprising investigator ferreted them out. He walked complacently along, the beaver under his arm and the box held over his head.

Catching sight of the officer he started to run, when the box slipped over his face and rested on his shoulders. The officer dashed after him, and, in his fright, the man forgot the stone terrace which was five feet high. Over he went backwards. He scrambled to his feet, frantically trying to pull off the box, but in vain, and the next minute he was over the second terrace. His companions came to his assistance, and vigorously jerking the box upward got it off. The last I saw of him he

was holding his profusely bleeding nose and making replies more emphatic than polite to the jeers of his comrades.

We nailed up the doors and windows, and remained undisturbed till ten o'clock that night, when Lieutenant Randolph came to say that he had an order—which he showed us—to make a list of the stolen articles. He would not have troubled us, he said, to make the list that night, but he had seen a lamp burning and supposed that we were awake. He suggested that we should go with him to each room, as we would be more apt to remember what was missing if we saw the vacant places. When the list was completed he promised Janet she should have her Schiller in the morning, and departed.

I passed a wretched night, dreaming continually that I heard repeated the horrible sights and sounds of the morning. The servants brought us breakfast, and were excessively indignant with the Yankees, who had torn up all their finery, and insulted them by saying it "was too good for niggers." They knew it was our clothing that we had given them to hide.

Later in the morning our poor, old, asthmatic nurse came into the room crying. She was given a seat and a glass of water,—all that we had. She always had a cup of coffee sent her before she got up, and the loss of

this stimulant, together with the exertion of climbing the stairs, had put her in a pitiful condition. She sat there gasping and wheezing for some time. When she was a little more composed I asked her what the matter was.

“Oh, I dunno, honey !” she said. “I dunno whedder I’m live or dead.”

“Have the Yankees troubled you as well as the other servants ?” I asked.

“Dey’ve took ebry ting I had. Dey trowed ’way all my rags what Miss Maria give me to sell to de paper man, and tek de bag dey was in, an’ kill Jack (her pet pig), an’ tote him off in it. Miss Sophy, dey done pick de white sir-chicken clean fum de house to de spring !”

“Did they take anything from your house ?” Sophy asked.

“Dey tak ebry ting: I ain’t got a bolster, nor a piller, nor a sheet, nor a coverlid, nor nothin’ ! Even to my poor little pullet what I raise for a pet, dey tek dat too. I say to de man: ‘For Gord sake leab me my poor chicken !’ He grin at me, an’ he say: ‘Uncle Sam gie you plenty chicken by and by,’ an’ wring the poor little fowl neck.”

“Why, we thought the Yankees loved you, and would rather give you things than take away the little that you had,” I remarked.

She slowly shook her head. “Honey,”

she said, "I neber knowed a Yankee dat wasn't as mean as dirt. Dey skin a flea for his hide an' taller. Ebry body say de Yankees goin' to free us. Like a fool I belieb 'em, an' now dis what dey do. I might a-knowned it. What kin you spec fum a hog but a grunt."

She was known to have quite a quantity of silver dollars and small change. I was always a great pet of hers, and had once been allowed to see a part of this treasure, which she kept concealed even from her husband. So I said: "Did they find your money?"

She was sitting quietly crying, with her elbows on her knees and her chin on her hands, but at the mention of her money she straightened up, and her dim eyes flashed as she cried:

"I hope de Lord will curse 'em foreber! I wish dey was all in torment now. I know dey gwine ter go dar. I want 'em dar now. I like to see 'em burn!"

"Then they found your money, did they?"

"Dey got it, ebry bit! I dunno how much dere was. I kep' it fust in a pocket an' it got to be too much, so I made a orsom brigs bag an' put it in dat. It was a bundle big as my head wid my hankercher on, an' it was so heavy I couldn't tie it to my waist under my frock. At fust I tort I'd put it in de ashes an' den I tink no, some of 'em might make a fire an' melt it all up. So den I took a cheer

an' sot in de doo'. I put de bag 'tween my knees an' pull my apun down over it. I put my pipe in my mout' an' mek bleebe nod, an' fust ting I know one Yankee juck up my apun ad' snatch de bag out ov my lap, upset me an' de cheer, an' gone!"

"What a shame! What did you do then?" mother asked.

"Oh, I git up an' cry an' cry, an' I wish I was dead. Dreckly one nasty little freckle face one come an' juck my head hankercher off my head an' he say: 'Ole 'ooman, I'm a perspirin', so I'll tek dis.' Dat mek me *so* mad dat I try to grab it 'way fum him. Den he tell me ef I don't mine my eye he gwine run he doughnut tru me."

We tried to comfort her by telling her that as long as we had food she should share it. The servants had each received a month's provisions, but all had been taken from them, and this poor old creature had not tasted food since the previous morning. She was faint from hunger, so we shared our biscuits with her, and, comforted not a little, she hobbled downstairs.

CHAPTER III.

OUR friend, Mr. Burton, had a housekeeper by the name of Biddy Flanagin. Shortly after our nurse had left we were surprised by a visit from Biddy, which was indeed a surprise, for Mr. Burton lived four miles from us, and the road was full of the enemy.

"Biddy," said my mother, "how did you get here?"

"Shure I kam through four moil o' thim divils o' Yankees."

"How could you venture? You might have been killed."

"Kilt me, is it? Av ye'd seen what I done to wan o' thim yistherday, ye'd be more apt to think o' me killin' them."

"Tell us what you did, Biddy," said my mother.

"I've not long to stay, mem, but as I want ye to help me, I must tell ye my story. Well, mem, the fight that began here day before yistherday indeed on our place, an' our boys whipt 'em. I stood in the basement door watchin' them take prisoners, when McPherson's whole corps kam up, an' they had to run. Colonel Earle didn't know his min were gone, an' kam tearin' round the corner, wavin' his han' at me to gwin, for the bullets was flyin' afther our min, an' some o' them hit the wall above me.

The next minute he was kilt, poor jintleman! Afther that, I donno what happened. There was the awfullest hurly-burly! About sundown an aid kam to say Gineral McPherson wanted quarthers for the night. Mr. Burton said, let 'em come. So the gineral kam. He's a jintleman, but wan that's in moighty low company. He staid all night an' lift next mornin'."

"Why do you say he was in low company?"

"Bekaze the nixt mornin' I slipt into his room as he wint down the front steps, an' there was nothin' on the bed but the bare matthress, an' I'd made it up mesilf with the best bed clothes we had. What do yez think o' that, mem?"

"Biddy," said my mother, "what do they do with all the things they take? You came through the camp and ought to know."

"Av ye'd seen 'em smashin' all Mr. Burton's beautiful china ye'd not ask, mem. What they can't use they destroy, jist from the love o' destruction."

"Surely, Mr. Burton tried to hide that valuable old china?"

"Oh, yes, mem, he did! But he would thrust that thafe av a gardener, Houston, an' he bethrayed 'em to the Yankees. They got ivery thing we hid—carpets, china, glass, wine, an' all. The china and glass is in smithereens, an' a pig would scorn the carpets for his bed.

To be sure a pig is a far more dacint animil thin a Yankee."

"Did Mr. Burton lose *all* his fine old wine? I hope not," said my mother.

"He lost all that Houston knew about, the villain! an' him an Englishman same as Mr. Burton is. But cook hilped me an' we hid a dozen boxes over the scullery, by knockin' up the ceilin'. Neither Mr. Burton nor that rascal Houston knows, so maybe we'll save it yet."

"But, Biddy," said Sophy, "tell us what you did to the Yankee yesterday. If you hurt him badly, I wish I could have helped you."

"I'll tell ye about 'em, an' then ye'll see what I done. Afther the gineral left, wan o' the blaggards kam an' asked Mr. Burton what o'clock. What does he do but pull out his watch! Would iver a woman a done the like o' that? Pull out a gold watch afore a Yankee! The min hasn't half sinse. Well, the Yankee grabbed it out o' Mr. Burton's han' an' walked into the basemint. I followed 'em. 'An' where are yez goin?' I says.

"'I'm goin' to burn this old secesher's house,' says he. Then he takes up a shovelful o' coals an' starts upstairs.

"'Ye'll not do ert while I'm livin',' I says, makin' a dive at the shovel. He jist slung me back agin the wall so hard it knocked ivery bit o' breath out o' me body, an' run

upstairs. Whin I got me breath I dashed afther him. He was in the scullery an' he'd the shovel in his han', stoopin' down to make a fire unther the dresser. I took 'em by the tail av his short little jacket an' pulled 'em flat on the flure. He dropped the shovel, but by a great mercy none o' the coals fell out. He was up in a flash an' clubbed his gun an' hit me a blow on the chist that stretched me sthstraight. I've a black spot now on me brist bone as big's me han' where he sthruck me. I conthrived to git up, an' I made at 'em. I don't know what I done to 'em, but in a second his face was all over blood. He squaled like a pig, an' called me a she-devil, an' ran clane out o' the house. I sat down on the stairs the sickest craythur! An officer kam along an' asked me what made me look so white, an' I tole 'em one o' the men had knocked me down. Then I spied an envelope on the flure where the villain had been goin' to make a fire, an' I says 'I'll bet his name's on that envelope.' The officer picked it up an' looked at it. 'It's addressed to a man in McPherson's Corps,' says he. 'If you take this letter to the gineral, I dare say he will find the man that sthruck you an' punish him as he deserves.'

"Thin he wint away. I don't care nothin' about punishin' the raskill anny more. He squaled an' I didn't, so I reckon I hurt him

worse'n he did me. If he's aven as sore as I am, I'm sorry for 'em, but he shan't keep Mr. Burton's watch. Is the gineral here, mem?"

"General Sweeny is here, but not General McPherson. Go to him. I have no doubt he can tell you where to find General McPherson," replied my mother.

"I'll go at wanst," said Biddy. "Thank ye for tellin' me, mem."

We made her promise to come back and tell us the result of her mission. Lieutenant Randolph kept his promise, and all through the day stolen articles were being brought back. Janet's Schiller—all but one volume—was returned with the rest.

In the afternoon Biddy arrived, hot and tired, but very triumphant. "Biddy," said my mother, "you look well pleased. Is it possible that you have the watch?"

"I've the watch, mem, an' him that stole it will not be apt to stale anny more."

"Tell us how you got it."

"Well, ye see, mem, Gineral Sweeny sent a guard with me to Gineral McPherson's quarthers, so I'd not the laste trouble to find 'em. He told me to take a seat. 'An' what do yez want?' says he.

"'I'm searchin' for a thafe,' I says, 'not that one 'ud be hard to fine, but the pertickler man I'm in want of is said to be wan o' your min, sir.'

“One o’ my min,’ says the gineral; ‘I’m sorry to hear that. What is it that is missin’?’ sez he.

“I’m Misther Burton’s housekeeper, sir,’ says I, ‘an’ it’s his watch that’s missin’. I seen the man stale it, an’ here’s an envelope he dropped out o’ his pocket,’ says I.

“The gineral looked at the envelope, an’ thin he wrote a line on a bit o’ paper, an’ sint an orderly off with it. ‘I’ve sint for the company named on that envelope,’ says he, ‘an’ if the man that took the watch belongs to it, you ought to be able to ricognize him.’

“Niver fear, sir,’ I says, ‘I’ve wrote that deep on his face, with me nails for a pin, he’s not been able to wash the lethers out yet. I’ll know me own han’ writin’.’

“So ye took the law in your own hands,’ says he; ‘that was not very womanly.’

“I don’t know exactly what you mane by womanly, sir,’ I says, ‘but I know it wasn’t manly for him to knock me down with his gun.’

“Knock you down?’ says the gineral. ‘What a brute to strike a woman! He ought to be hung.’

“Well, sir,’ I says, ‘I think afterwards I gave ’im as good as he sint, for though I’ve a bad pain in my chist where he struck me, an’ am black an’ blue with bruises, he’d not so much to brag on. His own mother’d not know ’im now.’

“‘Here comes the company,’ says the gineral. He made ‘em all stand in line. ‘Now,’ says he, ‘see if you can fine your man.’

“I didn’t nade to look but wanst. There stood the raskill with his face marked for all the world like a quilt ready for quiltin’ in quarther-inch diamonds. I wint up to him, an’ I says: ‘You’re the thafe; gimme Mr. Burton’s watch!’ He niver said a word, but jist stood trimblin’ like a dog that’s goin’ to git a lickin’. The gineral orthered him to gimme the watch an’ he handed it over at wanst.

“‘Now,’ says the gineral, ‘the mant hat sthrikes a woman is not fit to live. Shall I have this fellow shot?’

“‘No, no,’ I says, ‘I don’t want no more o’ his dirthy blood on me hands than I got there yistherday. Sind ‘em away where he can’t bate no more women. Ye’ll not miss him out yer army. A man that bates women don’t bate min, an’ it’s min baters yer in want of.’

“The gineral, he laughed, an’ he says: ‘I think we’d betther enlist you. At any rate this scoundrel shall go to Chattanooga in ball and chain, to work on the fortifications till the war’s over.’

“So thin I thanked ‘em for his kindness, an’ kam away. An’ now I must be goin’. Mr. Burton doesn’t know I’ve lift home.”

A year or two after this a cancer developed

on the spot where Biddy had received the blow, and she died a death of lingering and horrible agony.

As the best means of protection to ourselves, my mother, through Lieutenant Morrison, offered the lower story of our house to General Sweeny, and the offer was accepted. He did not disturb us in any way, and we saw him only once or twice passing on the piazza. Lieutenant Randolph was very kind. He helped us at our need and then let us alone, but others were not so considerate.

Once when he was being thanked for his kindness, he said: "I do not wish you to thank me. I have only done what I should have been a brute not to do, and I hope I shall never forget what is due to a woman. If you need further assistance at any time, send for me and I will come at once."

These were the words of a man and a gentleman. In strong contrast were they to those of a certain surgeon, medical director at this hospital post, who, in reply to a poor woman's entreaty that he would not take her last chicken, which she was preparing for her sick child, said: "Madam, the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof. We are the Lord's people; therefore, doth this fulness belong to us, and this fowl in especial to me." That was the end of the chicken.

CHAPTER IV.

ON the morning of the sixth day the camp was in great commotion, and by twelve o'clock not a man was to be seen. Every blade of grass had been trampled out of sight and the lawn looked as if fire had passed over it. There was the most perfect silence. Not a bird or a living thing to be seen. The ground was strewn with fragments of books and papers, skins of the various animals that had been killed and eaten, cooking utensils, pieces of rails left from the camp fires and, last and worst of all, several dead horses.

The servants had all gone with the single exception of our nurse, who was so feeble as to be a care instead of a help. But we four were young, strong and, though unused to manual labor, of good courage. From the wreck of broken tools two rakes and a broom were discovered. The floors of most of the lower story were in such a condition they had to be raked over twice before the broom could be used. The masses of putrid meat we carried off as far from the house as we dared to go and made a fire of the combustible rubbish in the back yard. As we stood around it, Mrs. Smith, the overseer's wife, came timidly from behind the kitchen.

"Oh, I am so thankful to see you!" she said. "I seed the smoke an' 'lowed the Yankees had fired the house afore they left. Johnny Smith is with me. He's waitin' behind the house."

Johnny soon appeared. He was a lad of thirteen or fourteen years of age, and we have cause to remember him gratefully for he did us many a kindness. Mrs. Smith had much to tell. Her pigs and chickens had all been eaten; but she was especially angry at the death of her cow, which was sick and too poor for beef.

"Though they might well eat my cow," she said, "fur she wern't nigh so bad off as that old sick ewe that had shed all her wool. I seed one of 'em kill her, an' he come an' stole my fryin'-pan to cook her in. Her poor little lamb warn't a day ole, an' a ole Dutchman come along an' killed hit, an' tuck my wash-pot an' made soup outen it in the pot. He said him an' his wife was washer-women for the orficers. He 'lowed they'd keep my pot; but a orficer made him give hit back an' I've hid it under the bed."

"Johnny," I said, "what has been your experience?"

"The house is there, an' there's some potatoes in the garden, an' we've got a suit o' close a-piece, an' that's about all that's left," replied the boy.

"Have you nothing to make bread of?" I asked.

"We had a lot o' flour in barrels—ever so many barrels—but they filled all the sacks they could fine, an' when they couldn't fine no more, they tuck two par o' daddy's breeches, what he'd left behind, an' tied 'em up round the foot an' filled 'em with flour an' sot 'em straddle on the horse, an' that's the last dust o' flour we've seen."

"Ain't it strange the way the Yankees sets so much store by combs," said Mrs. Smith. "Combs is so scyurce with us anyhow. Johnny says they hain't one left. An' my poor little Melissey, she jist takes on 'bout the one her par give her. One of 'em jerked it off her head an' she"—

The tramp of horses' feet interrupted Mrs. Smith. "They're a-comin' back, an' the chil-lens is all by themselves," she cried. "Run, John, or we won't git thar afore 'em!"

Just as we hastened in doors, two companies of cavalry were dismounting on the lawn. One of the captains came to say that they had been ordered to our place for the night, so we need fear nothing. He seated himself on the piazza and seemed to derive great amusement from a song in derision of the Copperheads, for he sang it to a doleful whining tune for nearly an hour. They went away early the next morning.

That same morning we made our first essay in cooking. Of course my mother knew how things were to be done, but she had never done any cooking herself. It was so warm it was determined that we should cook only once a day, consequently a quantity of bread and biscuit were made and baked and spread on the table to cool. Janet made some spice cakes and had baked one panful, and had the other in the stove, when my mother told us to go to the spring for a bucket of water. We filled the bucket and as we leisurely started up the hill, Sophy looked back. "The Yankees are coming!" she cried. "If they beat us to the house, we won't get any breakfast."

We rushed up the hill and dashed breathless into the kitchen.

"The Yankees! the Yankees! Bolt the door!" panted Sophy.

"Oh, my goodness, my cookies! What shall I do?" cried Janet.

"Cookies! Think of the bread," replied my mother.

"Make a big noise with the shovel and tongs," said Maria. "They'll think we don't hear them when they knock, and we'll have time to run upstairs with everything."

Bang! bang! at the door. Janet rattled away with her instruments. Sophy seized an armful of bread, Maria swept the cakes

and biscuits into her apron, and both disappeared, while I opened the stove, pulled out the pan of half baked cakes, and was making off with them.

“Put them back,” said my mother. “They will see the fire in the stove and know that we must be cooking something. Perhaps we can make them believe those are all of them.”

I replaced the cakes. My mother opened the door, and in walked half a dozen Yankees. They looked suspiciously around and one snuffed the air.

“I smell something good. What’s in the stove?”

“Some cakes,” replied my mother. “You may take them since I have not the power to prevent you.”

“We’ll have a look at them same cakes,” he responded, and opening the oven door he took them out and divided them with his comrades.

“What else have you got that’s good?” he asked.

“Rice and hard tack,” said my mother.

“Rice and hard tack! I’ll see you hanged before I’ll touch either of ‘em. If you ain’t got nothin’ better than them, I won’t eat nothin’ at all.”

You may imagine our distress at this threat. Rice and hard tack were their pet aversion,

which fact we learned through our cook before she left, who had offered to exchange rice for sugar and had her offer rejected with scorn. My mother's application of this knowledge was useful in the extreme, for the man walked out followed by his companions. They lounged about the place the whole morning and left only when they saw an officer coming.

My mother told this officer how we had been annoyed. He said that he had been sent in advance of his command, and that for three or four days he would be free to do as he chose. If we would promise to protect him in case the Rebels ever came to our house at night he would act as a guard.

We gladly gave the required promise. He remained with us several days and was always quiet and civil. Twice he recovered our two cows which had strayed into one of the large droves of oxen that were being driven down to the army. We were sorry when he left, for during his stay he had not permitted a man to enter the house.

The cavalry stationed at the village came daily to our place to let their horses graze, coming at sunrise and leaving at sunset. The officers sat in the house while the men lay on the grass under the trees. Nothing would induce them to be without the picket lines after dark for they seemed convinced

that the Confederates came to see us every evening.

At this time we learned to appreciate the horror of the Egyptian plague of flies that swarmed into the house, and when eating we had to fan ourselves briskly to keep them from entering our mouths with the food. At night I have seen strings of them six inches long, hanging like bees from anything to which they could attach themselves. To rid ourselves of this pest we fed them with cobalt and sugar.

There was a Kentucky private named Butcher, who came daily after the cavalry left to graze his colonel's horse. He was a kind-hearted man, and the scenes he had witnessed at the South made him bitterly regret that he had entered the Union Army. Upon one occasion he watched me remove a saucer of cobalt, against and around which the dead flies lay in a ring the height and width of the saucer.

"That's poison, isn't it?" he asked.

"Yes. Don't you see what it has done to the flies?"

"I suppose you would be glad if it was us instid o' them flies," he replied.

"I certainly should," was my response.

He looked shocked. "Surely you would not want to look at so many dead men?" he asked.

“No, of course not. We don’t think you especially agreeable objects for contemplation at any time. We don’t want to look at you dead or alive. But if we must choose, you cannot deny that dead Yankees are harmless and live ones are not. Is it any wonder that we prefer the harmless ones?”

CHAPTER V.

ONE morning Mrs. Osborne, who lived in the village, came to see us. She was a very handsome woman, with a brilliant brunette skin, dark hair and eyes, tall and strong, and of a very determined character. After the usual greetings, we asked how things had gone with her.

“Oh,” she replied, “I had a royal battle with ‘em last week. As the old nigger says: I give ‘em glory onct or twict—I did that!”

“Oh,” said my mother, laughing, “how did you administer it?”

“Well, you see, I was in my room an’ I had a big dish o’ vittals a givin’ the chillen a snack, when in walks a Yankee dressed as fine as a fiddle, an’ another one behind him with a gun. He had a rale impudent look on his face. Says I: ‘What do you want?’

“Says he: ‘I’m a sanitary commissioner,

an' I'm come after hospital sheets an' that tobacker you've got hid.'

"Says I: 'There ain't no hospital sheets hyur, an' if there's any tobacker, I want to see it.'

"Says he: 'I've got a order for to search, an' I reckon I'll soon show it to you.' With that he turned in to ransackin' everything. Says he, a pullin' open a bandbox, 'You've eight boxes o' tobacker here, an I'm agoin' to find 'em.'

"Says I, 'It may be the custom o' Yankee women to keep tobacker along with thur bonnets, but it's not the custom o' Southern women; an' what's more,' I says, 'you've jist come to steal an' are actin' of a lie when you pertend to be lookin' in a bandbox for a box o' tobacker which you know jist as well as I do is twict as big.'

"Says he, a openin' Nancy's little jewally box, 'You'd better keep a civil tongue in your head or it'll be the worse for you.'

"The chillen was all huddled together on the bed, jist a-cryin' an' a-screamin'. Thinks I to myself, maybe I'd better shet up, or there's no tellin' but this villain might cripple me an' what would them poor little creeturs do. Now, my mother was a mighty forehanded woman,—one o' the old-time sort that alluz had a heap o' bedclose. When I married she give me jist as much bedclose as anybody

need want. Huckle-back an' broken-back an' dimity an' every kine you ever hyearn tell of. I kep' 'em in a chist, as the most o' folks does thur best things, an' I sot more store by them counterpins than anything else I had, an' when that Yankee opened the chist hit were more'n I could stan', so says I: 'You'll not take them counterpins.'

"'What's to hinder?' says he. 'I reckon I will,' an' he pulled out the top one.

"Well, I gethered holt o' the counterpin, an' he gethered holt o' the fringe. He pulled an' I pulled; the fringe it give way an' tore off in gret, long strips. Then he grabbed the counterpin itse'f, an' givin' a big jerk pulled it out o' my han'. You may depend I was mad.

"Says I: 'You shan't keep hit, for all you've got hit now.' I tuk up a cheer an' hit him over the head an' downed him. I histed the cheer agin for I 'lowed to beat him completely tew death. Says the other Yankee, says he:

"'Don't you hit him agin.'

"'What have you got to do with it?' says I, fetchen' him a lick side the head with the cheer, that sprawled him too. Well, they riz a-cussin'.

"'Shet your mouth!' I says, 'I'm not in the habit o' fightin', but when I start about a job I'm bound to go through with it. Ef you

say another word I'll smash you worse'n I did afore!'

"Each of 'em gethered up a armful o' things and started out the door. I tuk the big dish the chillen had been eaten out of an' sailed it at the sanitary commissioner's head. Hit broke smack in two, an' he an' tother one ran fur dear life. Thinks I, I'll go to the colonel and tell my tale fust, afore they have time to git thar; so I put on my bonnet an' run over to headquarters just as I was, in my old cookin' frock. There was fifteen or twenty Yankees in the room besides the colonel, but I wasn't no more ashamed before 'em than if they'd been so many niggers.

"Says I to the colonel, says I: 'There's been a man at my house a-stealin'. He says he's a sanitary commissioner, an' that you've give him a order to search my house for to-backer an' hospital sheets. Now I want to know if you did?'

"'I don't know nothin' 'bout any sich order,' he says.

"'Well,' I says, 'he's told a lie on you, an' I've knocked him down for stealin' from me.'

"'You talk mighty big,' says he.

"'Not half so big,' says I, 'as I hope to talk by an' by. The wind don't always blow from the same quarter. I hope hit 'ill soon turn an' then I'll have more reason to talk big than I've got now.'

“Says he: ‘I s’pose you mean by that, that you hope the Rebels will turn an’ run us up the road as we’ve run them down?’

“‘That’s jist what I do mean,’ I says.

“‘You confess to bein’ a Rebel then?’ he says.

“‘I don’t confess to nothin’ else,’ I says.

“‘An’ where’s all your men?’ he asked.

“‘All a fightin’,’ I says.

“‘Fightin’ who?’ says he.

“‘My brothers is in Richmond,’ says I, ‘an’ Mr. Osborne he went along from here with Ginaler Johnston; he’s in his army by this time; leastways, I hope he is. I reckon you know now without tellin’ who they’re fightin’.’

“‘Well,’ says he, ‘you’re such a Rebel, why don’t you go to your own people for protection?’

“Says I, ‘we don’t need no protection. We only want you to make your men min’ their own business. An’ we want you all to clear out as fast as you kin.’

“‘I’m sorry I can’t oblige you,’ he says.

“‘Maybe you kin do this much,’ I says; ‘make the one that stole my things bring back one par o’ sheets. Jist one par. I want him to come in rusty close. He was dressed too powerful fine awhile ago.’

“‘What do you want him to bring back only one pair o’ sheets for?’ he says.

“‘Never you mine,’ says I; ‘jist you send

him along. That is, if you're able to make him mine,' I says, a walkin' out. He jist looked at me as if he'd like to a kilt me, but I never kyured; I was so mad that minute I'd druther to a fout than to a eat the best dinner ever was cooked. I went home an' tuk a cheer an' sot on they peeaszer a-singin'. The commissioner was in the house opposite, for I seed him come to the door three times with the sheets in his han's afore ever he made up his mine to come across. At last he opened my gate.

““What do you want now?” I says.

““I've come to bring back two o' them sheets,” says he.

““You have, have ye?” says I. ‘I thought you 'lowed you'd never give me back nothin' you stole?’

““Oh,’ says he, ‘you've been to the colonel about it.’

““Yes,’ says I, ‘I've been to the colonel onct, an' what's more, I'm goin' agin. I've made him make you pull off your fine close an' put on that ole knit shirt, an' you look jist like the dirty vagabon' you are. You can put them sheets down an' go now. I don't want you no more at present.’ He went off cussin' scanalus. The provost marshal got a holt o' him that night for somethin' else he'd done an' sent him up to Chattanooga, or I'd a-done him worse yit.”

"But Mrs. Osborne," said my mother, "how could you strike him? He deserved all you did to him, and much more, but I don't know how it could occur to you that you would be *able* to knock a man down."

"Why," she replied, "hit occurred to me that he ought to be knocked down, an' there wasn't nobody to do it for me so I done it myself. It was my duty, and I ginerally tries to do that."

"But weren't you afraid?"

"Not a bit! The most of 'em's so cowardly they'll run the minute you show fight. Besides, the Colonel they had's been ordered to the front. He was a hateful man, but the new one, Colonel Dean, they say he's a gentleman, an' the provost marshal's a decent man. He turned Dr. Wright out o' my house the other day. You haint never seen Dr. Wright, have you?"

"No, I believe not," replied my mother.

"Well, he's a gret, big, fat man. The hate-fullest lookin' creetur you ever see."

"What was he doing at your house?"

"You see, I board eight o' the orficers, an' my well's the best in the town, for the Yankees throws all sorts o' nasty things in the other wells jist to spite the women, though they have to drink the dirty water thurselves, but they don't keer for that. As I was sayin', my well's the best, an' the orficers won't let

'em throw nothin' in hit, so the water's clean. One of 'em told Dr. Wright about hit. He's sick an' wants clean water to drink, so that's why he come to my house."

"How did you manage to send him off?"

"This was the way of it," she replied. "The officers had all eat thur dinners an' gone when Dr. Wright walked in an' set down. Says he: 'I'm a comin' to stay here. I hear you've got good water on this lot.'

"I hadn't no notion o' lettin' him stay, so I says: 'It don't make no difference 'bout the water. I aint got no room for you an' you kaint stay.'

"I don't know as I shall ask you," says he. He had two men with him. 'Pull off my boots,' says he to 'em, 'I feel bad an' want to go to bed.'

"Tain't no use to pull off your boots," I says. 'I tell you, you kaint stay.'

"An' I tell you I will stay.'

"Says I: 'I tell you once more to git out of this house.'

"An' I tell you once more that I'm a-goin' to stay, an' make you wait on me, too," says he.

"Tain't worth while argifyin' 'bout hit," I says. 'I've told you to git out, an' you won't; now I'm goin' to put you out.' I run over to the provost marshal's an' told him how Dr. Wright was a-doin', an' he come straight on back with me.

"Says he to Dr. Wright: 'You kaint stay here if Mrs. Osborne don't want you.'

"Says the doctor: 'I'm not goin' to leave till I git ready.'

"'You'll have to be ready pretty quick then, or I'll have you picked up an' sot out in the street,' says the provost.

"Dr. Wright, he got up then an' left. Sich cussin' as he done! I never hyearn the like afore, even from a Yankee."

"We have been very fortunate," said my mother. "They have never used bad language in our presence."

"Well, you have been," replied Mrs. Osborne. "I've hyearn tell o' heathens many a time, but I never seed 'em afore. I jist tole one of 'em so the other day, right flat out. Says I: 'You *are* heathens an' nothin' but heathens. You don't know nothin' that's good, but you know an' you do more devilment than was ever hyearn of or thought of before you come.' He jist laifed. He was tickled putty nigh tew death. I couldn't a paid him no higher compliment."

CHAPTER VI.

WE had not seen Biddy since the memorable day of her visit to General McPherson. We were wondering what

had become of her when who should appear but Biddy herself.

"I've been afther thim agin, mem," said she to my mother.

"On the rampage and off the rampage; sich is life," quoted Sophy. "What have you and the Yankees been doing to each other? Have you been laying off any more quilts on their faces?"

Biddy laughed. "No, mem," she replied. "I'll not fight 'em with me nails anny more. A man's strong, a woman's wake, an' I'm afraid I got the worst o' that battle, for it pains me terrible in me chist ivery breath I draw."

"You should see a doctor," said my mother.

"There's none o' ours left," she replied. "An' it's not on me I'd let a Yankee docthor put his dirthy paws; besides, I'm not so bad hurt but what I can give 'em more throuble yit. I've got wan o' thim in a scrape this mornin'. I'll tell yez about it. Ye see the women around us pick birries and sells 'em in the village. They get atables an' sometimes money for 'em. I want a hape o' things mesilf, so I thought I'd go out an' thry me luck birryin' an' maybe I'd make a little money.

"I started early, the birries was plinthiful, an' I picked a quanthyty. It was tin o'clock whin I got home. Cook met me on the ter-

race, an' sez she: 'They've been here agin, an' took ivrything they lift afore. All the onions out o' the garden, an' aven the hat off Mr. Burton's head.'

"'Which way did they go?' I says.

"'Down the lane,' says she. 'They said they was goin' to the village.'

"I'd come a good piece an' the village road an' hadn't seen a sign o' thim, so I says: 'I belave it's at the wather station they belang, an' I'm goin' afther thim.' Cook she thried to stop me.

"'They'll be afther killin' you dead this time,' says she, 'av ye don't let 'em alone.'

"'I'll take the chance o' that,' I says. I wint down to the gate, but the ground was so hard, not a blissed hoof mark could I see. I lint agin the post thinkin' how could I thrack 'em. Thin I seen an onion palin' on the ground an' remimbered cook said they'd took the onions. All right, thinks I; I've got ye now. An' I followed thim clane to the wather station, a matther o' four moil. The first thing I seen was Mr. Burton's hat on wan o' their dirthy heads. I wint sthstraight up to 'em. 'I've come for that hat,' I says.

"'Which hat?' says the Yankee.

"'The hat you've got on your head,' I says. 'You stole it, an' I'm goin' to make you give it back.'

"'Make me, then,' says he, laughin'.

"I don't want no throuble about yez," I says. "Ye're not worth it; so ye'd betther gi' me the hat at wanst. Av ye don't," I says, "I'm goin' to the village to Colonel Dean, an' thin ye'll see if I can't make ye."

"Mem, he wouldn't do nothin' but laugh.

"Here's only fifteen or twenty of us," says he. "Why don't you go to work an' give us the thrashin' we're nadin'?"

"Says I: 'there's more av ye than there's good av ye. I'd not beman mesilf by touchin' yez. Av ye had the sperrit av a hen,' I says, 'ye'd not be makin' game av a dacint woman.' They laughed an' laughed. I seen I couldn't do nothin' with 'em, so I says: 'I'm goin' to the Colonel.'

"It's wishin' you a pleasant thrip, I am," says he.

"Tired as I was I walked clane to the village an' seen the Colonel. He said he'd give 'em fits. He sint a guard up to the wather station with orders to make that scamp take back Mr. Burton's hat an' the other things he stole, an' he's to wait till I get back to see if all's right."

A few days after we saw Biddy again, when my mother asked her if she had triumphed over that Yankee as she expected.

"Indade, an' I did, mem," said she. "The Colonel's made the very fellow that stole Mr. Burton's hat stay an' be our guard. He's

moightly light-fingered, but we watch 'im close an' he's not much chance o' stalin'. He's a civil spoken chap, an' that's much betther than the rist av 'em."

.

About a mile from us there lived in one large house four families who had left Virginia, hoping to find a haven of rest in upper Georgia. They had been here only a few months when the Yankees came, and we had not seen them since our army left. One afternoon we were pained to learn that three of the children were ill,—one of the three supposed to be dying,—and my mother at once sent Janet and myself to assist in nursing.

The poor, young mother sat clasping in her arms the wasted figure of her dying child. She would let no one touch her baby but sat looking into its hollow eyes with a face of pitiful anguish. In a short time all was over and the poor, little sufferer at rest.

The night was singularly beautiful and the moon's soft light subdued all that the ravages of the past few weeks had made harsh and irregular. A whip-poor-will's plaintive cry was the only sound that broke the profound silence as I stood on the piazza and looked out on the meadow and quiet stream before me, with a heart full of gentler emo-

tions than I had known since we had been in our enemy's power. A young girl, a sister of the mother so lately made childless, joined me, and I made some remark to her on the beauty of the night. She shivered as she said:

“Once I loved the moonlight, but now it only brings back the most awful night of my life.”

There was such depth of feeling in her tone that I did not venture to speak again. After a short silence she continued:

“It was on a night as beautiful and bright as this that they murdered my brother.”

She looked wistfully at me, as if appealing for sympathy. I said hesitatingly: “Was it in Virginia?”

“No; it was in East Tennessee,” she replied. “We lived there, though the rest of our family were in Virginia.”

Covering her face with her hands she leaned in silence against a pillar. At length she said:

“May I tell you about it? To-night it seems as if my heart will break if I do not speak of him to some one.”

With an unsteady voice I expressed my sympathy and she went on.

“My brother had been two years in the army when he took a violent cold from exposure, and suffered so much from rheumatism

that he was discharged from active service and made a conscript officer. Where we lived there was the bitterest feeling possible between the Unionists and the Confederates. Several of our friends had been most brutally treated, and even my father was notified that if he did not immediately leave his house, it would be burned.

"He received the notification in the morning and set off at once to the nearest town to make arrangements to take us all to Georgia the next day. He was not to return that night, but my brother came home in the afternoon. We were very much alarmed and begged him to follow my father. It was known in the neighborhood that he had been appointed as conscript officer, and we had heard terrible threats uttered against him, but we could not persuade him to go, for he said no one but ourselves knew that he was at home and he would not leave until the next morning, when we all left, being sure he was perfectly safe.

"The afternoon passed quietly ; we saw no one, and by night our fears were quieted. We sat on the piazza in the moonlight, as bright and as quiet as this, making plans for the future, until my mother called us in. My brother went upstairs. My sisters and I were to occupy the same room with my mother, which was on the ground floor and

opened on the piazza. We slept soundly until between twelve and one o'clock, when there came the most terrible awakening! Our door was broken down and a company of Yankees, whooping and yelling, cursing and swearing, rushed in. They asked for my brother and my mother said she did not know where he was.

"That's a lie," said one of them. In the bright moonlight we recognize him as a classmate of my brother's, who had formerly been in and out of our house as often and as familiarly as if he were a relative. "That's a lie," he repeated, "for he hasn't left the house, and you know it. He's sure to be upstairs, boys."

"Some of the men ran upstairs and we tried to follow, but the others held us back. They soon returned, bringing my brother with them, and when we asked what they were going to do with him, they replied:

"Just going to make him take the oath."

"We begged that it might be taken in the house where we were, but they dragged him out in the yard. I broke away from those who held me and ran up to my brother, and putting my arms around his neck, held him fast, so that they could not hurt him without first hurting me. He told me to let him go. 'You can't save me,' he said, 'and they may kill you, too.' But I would not let him go, and the captain, the one we recognized,

wrenched my hands from my brother's neck, lifted me up and flung me as far as he could. Then they fired. I rose and ran to my brother, but was too late, for they had killed him, and they continued to fire at him as he lay dead on the ground. The blood was pouring from his wounds and they would not let me touch him. At last they let us go, mounted their horses and rode away, leaving us alone with our dead in that still, bright moonlight."

After that night I never saw this girl again, for she died during the summer.

CHAPTER VII.

ATE one afternoon a train of sutler's wagons stopped at our spring. The sutler's wife informed us that they were very much alarmed, fearing that the Rebels would attack them in the night. They had pushed the teams hard all day, hoping to reach the village before night, but the horses had given out and they were obliged to stop, although but a mile and a half from their destination. There were some grounds for the woman's fears, for the Confederates had several times lately put torpedoes on the railroad which had blown up a number of engines,

and they had captured the stores with which the trains were loaded. They had also captured some wagon trains. A Yankee major once told me he would rather be the leader of the forlorn hope, in storming the strongest fort in the Confederacy, than to make the trip from Chattanooga to Atlanta.

We had shut up the house for the night, and were going upstairs, when some one tapped lightly at the door, and on opening it there stood a man in full Confederate uniform. You cannot imagine how great a shock it was, for we thought of the Yankees at the spring not a hundred yards distant. On perceiving him Janet said:

“Don’t stand in the door! The light shines full upon you and the Yankees may be here at any moment.”

“They will hardly venture to a Rebel house at this hour of the night,” he replied, not moving.

“Oh, are you really a Confederate?” exclaimed Janet in a suppressed tone.

He extended his arms. “Look at these buttons,” he said. “Don’t you know them?”

“But,” replied Janet, “it is very easy for a Yankee to put on a Confederate coat, and it is a cruel act if you are deceiving us. You can gain nothing and only inflict useless pain on us.”

The man looked her steadily in the face.

"I tell you *I am* a Confederate," he said. "If you want proof you shall have it before morning. We intend to take this wagon train, and I want you to tell me how many Yankees are guarding it."

His accent and appearance were unmistakably Southern, but his perfect unconcern made us doubtful. If he were a Confederate this was as foolish as it was dangerous; still it was hard to distrust one who wore that uniform.

Janet said, after a moment's pause: "We can't tell whether you are a Yankee or not. If you are a Confederate we are sorry we don't know how many Yankees there are at the spring, for it was dark when they came, and we haven't counted them; but I hope you may catch every one of them. If you are a Yankee," she hesitated a moment, "you can learn nothing from us that you do not already know. I mean that we, like all true Southern women, will aid our soldiers whenever and wherever we can. That our love for them and for the cause for which they fight is, if possible, greater than our detestation of you." As she spoke he stepped back into the shadow of the house.

"You will know between three and four o'clock to-night whether I have told the truth," said he, then vanished in the darkness.

We did not know whether to laugh or cry, for the sight of that uniform had unnerved us completely. One moment we rejoiced at the prospect of happiness in store for us, in case the Confederates whipped the Yankees at the spring, and the next we were ready to cry for fear it was only a spy we had seen. The absolute certainty that we would be burnt out of house and home, in case of a fight, did not occasion us a moment's uneasiness, and when this fact was suggested it only served to give rise to a discussion of the articles that would be most useful, and which we should endeavor to save. When our pow-wow was at its height there came a loud bang at the door, and as my mother opened it a Yankee lieutenant and two privates walked in.

"Madam," said the officer, "two Rebels were seen entering this house not a half hour since. Where are they?"

"No one is here besides my daughters and myself," replied my mother.

"What has become of them, then?" he asked.

"A Yankee spy in Confederate uniform has been here," said Janet. "As he was certainly one of your men, you can have no difficulty in finding him."

"Which way did he go?" asked the lieutenant.

"We did not notice," replied Janet, "but

I have no doubt he went to the spring to rejoin his companions."

"That is impossible," said he. "There is not a Rebel uniform in our camp, and I sent no spy."

"I think," said my mother, "you should search the house. You will then be satisfied of the truth of my statement, and I hope will not find it necessary to annoy us again to-night."

"If you will give me your word of honor," said he, "that there are no Rebels here, I will believe you."

"I have said all that I intend to say upon this subject," she replied. "Janet," she continued, "give me the light. I will show this person over the house myself."

Taking the lamp she walked forward, the three Yankees following, and we bringing up in the rear. The officer looked shame-faced enough, and continued to repeat that he believed her. But she was inexorable.

"You will fail in your duty, sir," said she, "if you do not effect a thorough examination of these very suspicious premises."

The poor creature remarked that he was "very tired, had marched twenty miles that day, and was sure there were no Rebels in the house since she was so eager to allow him to search it." My mother would not notice him except to call his attention to the

bureau drawers and bandboxes, which she opened for his inspection. We went through every room and at length the woodhouse was reached. She advised him to climb into the loft, as it was large, and might easily contain many Confederates.

"If there are any Rebels up there," said he impatiently, "they may stay, for I am tired to death and won't walk another step to-night." He whirled around and stalked out followed by the two privates, giggling.

For the third time we went upstairs that night. We sat up until day began to dawn but not a Confederate did we see, and the Yankees went on their way rejoicing, though during the day one of this same company returned. He laughed very much at his lieutenant's timidity, saying that he was well known as the biggest coward in their army; also that it was the subtler himself we had seen in Confederate uniform the previous day, and contemptuously adding that the miserable wretch was a Georgian and a deserter from the Confederate army.

One afternoon Sophy and I discovered a shadowy looking gray horse creeping about the lawn, whom we captured and put into the stable. We named our discovery Yankee, for we said, "if he ever proved refractory it would be a satisfaction to beat him." Poor old Yankee! He never deserved or received

a whipping, but served us faithfully, and finally met with a violent death at the hands of his namesakes. We petted and fed him so that he soon gained flesh and strength.

We were anxious to see the McDonalds, friends of ours, who lived five miles distant on the bank of the Etowah. Mr. McDonald had been to see us about two weeks after the Yankees came, though he said but little as to what had happened to his family. Of himself he told us that the Yankees had carried him three times off to the woods to hang him, but each time he had made himself known as a Mason and was released.

After much persuasion my mother consented that we should go to his house, so Yankee was put in the buggy and Sophy, Johnny Smith and I drove off in high glee. For two miles or so our way lay through the woods. As soon as the main road was reached we met a picket who stopped us and civilly asked where we were going. On being told he said we "must go to headquarters and get a pass from Colonel Sampson."

Sophy and I were frightened and wanted to go home, but the picket would not let us, so to Colonel Sampson we had to go and were both alarmed and indignant at our reception. The room was full of officers, lounging on sofas, smoking, laughing and talking at the top of their lungs, but some

of them stopped as we entered and stared fixedly at us. One, who sat in a chair tilted against the wall, with his feet on another, nodded to us.

"Take a seat, ladies," he said, lazily puffing out a volume of smoke and stretching his arms above his head. "Anything wanted?"

I hastened to explain that we wish to see Colonel Sampson for the purpose of obtaining a pass to go to Mr. McDonald's house.

"I have the honor to be Colonel Sampson," he replied. "What is your name?"

"Florence Henry," I replied.

"Who is that with you?"

"My sister," I said, "and the boy who came with us is holding our horse."

"What is your sister's name?"

"Sophy Henry."

"The boy's?"

"John Smith."

"How old are you and your sister?"

"I am nineteen and she is eighteen," I replied.

"How old is the boy?"

"He is thirteen."

"How far from the village do you live?"

"A mile and a half."

"How near the railroad?"

"We live only a few hundred yards from it."

"How long do you wish to stay at Mr. McDonald's?"

"I don't know exactly—perhaps until this afternoon."

"Well," said he, bringing down his chair with a thump, and rising, "I guess I'll let you have a pass this once."

We left as soon as the pass was received, a loud burst of laughter from the officers hurrying us down the steps and making us wish heartily that we were at home.

At the crossroads, a mile further on, we met three pickets who demanded our pass. The first one, while examining it, held it carefully upside down, then passed it to the next, who also held it upside down; the third did the same thing and finally returned it to me with the remark that it was all right, and we might go on. Not one of the three could read.

We found the ladies of the family quite well and their experience similar to ours. Julia McDonald had a Confederate coat and a pistol that one of our men had given her to keep on the day our army left, and she wished to show them to us; so we went into her room and, after carefully locking the door, she exhibited her treasure. The guard who had been stationed there, suspecting something, pushed hard against the door, and easily broke the frail fastening, but quick as he was we were quicker. Sophy and I were sitting on the bed with the coat between

us, and Julia was leaning over us with the pistol in her hand.

The instant we heard him at the door we spread our dresses over the coat, Julia slipped the pistol in her pocket, and I picked up a *Harper's Weekly* which contained an account of the fight that began on our place and ended at Mr. Burton's, so by the time the door opened we were intently engaged looking at the picture of Mr. Burton's house. Three pairs of coldly, astonished eyes looked up at the guard, who was quite taken aback, and muttered something about hearing a noise, and thinking the boys were troubling us, had come to turn them out.

CHAPTER VIII.

ONE afternoon as we were sitting in the parlor Janet happened to glance through the opened door and cried out that she saw Rose and Julia, two of Mr. McDonald's daughters, riding across the lawn, and we ran out to meet them.

"Why did you come so late?" I asked.

Julia laughed as she replied: "We've been on the way since nine this morning."

"Since nine, and it is now nearly five. Where have you been?"

"We flanked the pickets," she said.

"But why? Wouldn't Colonel Sampson give you a pass?"

"No, he would not. Let us get out of the sun and I'll tell you all about it."

We went into the house and gathered round her to hear her story.

"As I said," began Julia, "Rose and I started at nine o'clock this morning. The pickets at the crossroads let us pass as soon as we told them we were going to headquarters, but Colonel Sampson bristled up as soon as he saw me."

"I begged you not to wear that gray jacket," interrupted Rose. "It looks just like a Confederate's."

"It's no business of his what I wear," Julia retorted, "and you must not interrupt me again. Well," she continued, "he looked as if he would like to eat me, but I was as polite as possible, and asked for a pass to come here. He ordered me to 'pull off that confounded Rebel jacket.'

"'It's my jacket,' I said. 'No Confederate soldier has ever had it on.'

"'I don't believe you,' he replied. 'What are those captain's bars doing on the collar?'

"'I put them there by way of trimming,' I said.

"'If you don't pull off that jacket,' returned he, 'I'll do it for you.'

“I was afraid that he would do as he said, so I took it off. Then he showed us a pair of gloves.

“‘Look here,’ said he, ‘these belonged to a Rebel we chased so hard the other day, that he dropped them. I’ll put them with your jacket.’

“‘My jacket,’ I replied, ‘would be honored,’ and I took up the gloves and kissed them. This made him furious, and he declared that not only would he forbid our coming here, but we should not have a pass to go anywhere.’ After lecturing us for our sins of omission and commission for about an hour, we were allowed to go. Rose wanted to go home, but I was determined to come here; so we flanked the pickets, lost our way in the woods and, after wandering about for a long time, happened on the right road, and here we are.”

“I am afraid you have been very imprudent,” said my mother.

“No,” she replied, “I don’t think what we have done to-day will make a bit of difference. Since Maggie swam the river at night three weeks ago, they have been determined to do us some great harm, and I want to know what it is to be. The sooner the better.”

They left our place about sunset, and little did I think we were bidding Julia a last fare-

well. A year after I saw Rose again, but Julia had met her tragic death. The sisters were both widows and quite young. Julia, I believe, was then not twenty. Perhaps it will be as well to tell their sorrowful story, although I did not hear it until after our armies had surrendered.

ROSE MCDONALD'S STORY.

"After we left your house," said she, "we went directly home, passing the pickets at a gallop, but when we arrived we were met by a guard furnished with an order for our arrest, and an ambulance to take us to the village. We were allowed to pack a trunk, and we squeezed in a good many books, as we did not know how long we were to be detained. My mother prepared a lunch for us, and we and our trunk were put into the ambulance, then hurried away, but we had not gone a half mile when the guard took our lunch from us and ate it.

"On reaching the village we were taken at once to Colonel Bradbury, who was then in command. He was very stern with us, but I don't remember what he said, I was so frightened, and I cried all the time. We asked why we were arrested. He would not tell us, but said we would soon have company as you and Sophy were to be arrested next

day. Indeed, he showed us the order with your names on it, and the fact that Colonel Dean took command the day following was all that saved you from our fate. Colonel Bradbury did not detain us long; then the provost-marshal put us in a room upstairs, and later on, when there were music and dancing below, some officers came upstairs and asked us to dance.

“I said nothing, but Julia said to them: ‘We are prisoners and I think your request an impertinence.’ I continued to cry, thereby vexing Julia very much; and she rebuked me for having so little self-control and for giving our enemies the pleasure of seeing my tears, but I could not help myself.

“The next day we were shipped to Nashville, where we were marched about the streets until worn out. Finally we were taken to the Penitentiary and given food consisting of stale beef liver and sour bread. There were many women imprisoned there for their political sentiments, and several were from Georgia. After an hour’s rest we were sent on to Barrack No. 1, in Louisville, where for six weeks we endured a living death. We slept on the bare floor without a pillow, blanket or bedding of any kind, and were *never alone*, for day and night an armed guard was with us. I could not sleep and begged the doctor for morphine, and when

given some it had no effect. During the six weeks of our stay in the Barrack we had not once a change of clothing, for our trunk had been rifled on the way from Nashville to Louisville, and when it reached us it was empty.

"At last we were removed to the Female Military Prison, but here, as at the Barrack, there was no bedding. After a time I sickened and lay for several days unnoticed on the bare floor, suffering from a scorching fever. The doctor said I must bathe in cold water, and I followed his directions though it nearly cost me my life. I thought I was dying when a lady sent me a glass of hot whiskey and water, which I drank, and in a half hour the measles began to show. Why I did not take cold I cannot imagine, but I soon got better though the measles spread rapidly, there being twenty cases at one time, and it was not until we all were nearly well that a scanty supply of straw mattresses was sent us.

"It was during my illness that I first saw the anomalous creature that was put over us for our sins, and I remember lying in a half stupor and wondering what the *thing* was. The dress was that of a man, but the braided hair and skinny, shrewish features were those of a woman. Bitter experience soon taught me to know this *thing* well, for it was a woman—the prison doctor.

“If ever a fiend in human guise walked this earth it did it in that woman’s body. Her character was a combination of brutality, malice and cowardice. The white guards pitied us and occasionally did us a kindness, and for this reason she had them removed, negroes being substituted. But these negroes proved respectful and as kind as the white guards had been, and sometimes they gave us sewing to do, honestly paying for the work. One day I sewed on some stripes for a guard, and receiving a quarter of a dollar in payment with which I bought a broom for none was furnished us. The Doctor borrowed it one day to ‘have the kitchen swept,’ she said, and promised to return it. Ten days passed and I saw nothing of my broom. Several times I thought I would ask her for it, but my courage failed, for she was such a tiger cat I was afraid to make her angry. One day Mrs. Moon, one of the prisoners, was sitting in our room, and she said: ‘Your broom is still in the kitchen, why don’t you go and get it?’

“I am afraid of the Doctor,’ I replied.

“Go and get it now,’ said she. ‘I’m with you, and if you have to fight her, I’ll hold your bonnet.’

“Still I was afraid, though Mrs. Moon was both strong and courageous, but I knew that the Doctor, with her skinny, little frame, was

as wiry and as vicious as a half-starved wild cat. At last Mrs. Moon persuaded me to do as she wished, so I went to the kitchen and returned with the broom.

“Put it where the Doctor will see it as she passes your door,” said Mrs. Moon. ‘It will be well to have this matter settled promptly.’

“I did as directed, and in a few moments the Doctor came by, saw the broom and walked in.

“How did this broom come here?” she asked.

“It is mine,” I answered. ‘I brought it from the kitchen.’

“You shan’t have it,” said she, picking it up. ‘It belongs to the prison.’

“Doctor,” I replied, ‘it is mine. I bought it with my own money. I tell you frankly if you take it away, I will bring it back as soon as I can.’

“She put the broom down, walked across the floor and slapped my face with all her strength. The instant she struck me my fears vanished. A bar of iron that we used as a poker lay on the hearth near me, and I picked it up.

“Doctor,” I said, ‘if you touch me again it will be the last move you’ll ever make.’

“I was still weak from my illness, but at that moment passion gave me strength, and

had she struck me again nothing could have saved her, for I would have killed her as surely as I held that bar in my hand. She saw I meant what I said and, beginning to cry, ran downstairs. In a few minutes she returned with a guard and had me put in the dungeon—a room under ground, cold, damp and dark. It was bitter cold; the snow was knee deep outside, but I was kept for five hours in that dismal place.

“Lieutenant Shane, a big, kind, good-natured man, was nominally in charge of the prison, but for the sake of peace he let this woman take his place. He did not know who was in the dungeon until he came to release me, for the Doctor had simply told him that one of the prisoners had struck her, and on that statement he had sent the guard. He was very indignant, and said he knew the Doctor was to blame, as I always obeyed orders, and he let me out with many apologies.

“The lieutenant disliked her exceedingly, but her vanity led her to think that he admired her until, upon one occasion, she had a slapping and scratching bout with him, when he explained his sentiments to her most explicitly. It happened in this wise:

“A can of milk was daily brought to the prison for the use of the sick, and this milk the Doctor sold for her own benefit. Lieutenant Shane caught her one day in the act

of walking off with the can and took it from her. She became furious, knocked his pipe from his mouth, slapped him as she had slapped me, and scratched his face till it bled. He was a big, strong, six-footer and could have settled her easily enough, but he only pushed her away, telling her, however, that he would shoot her if she did not behave decently. Convinced now that he did not admire her, and hating him bitterly, she took the first opportunity of showing it.

"The laundress was very ill, and the Doctor failed to see that she was properly cared for, so the lieutenant took it upon himself, in the kindness of his heart, to look after the sick woman and asked some of us to sit up with her. Several of us assented and went with him to see how the woman was, but hardly had we entered the room when in flew the Doctor and peremptorily ordered him out. He told her he did not intend to go, for since she neglected her business he must attend to it. He was leaning against a door which opened from the hospital room into his office. The door was unlatched. She ran at him, slapping him again and again, and pushing him into the office slammed the door.

"He did not resist her at all, but in an instant he jerked open the door and stood in it, with a pistol in his hand, levelled to fire

at her. One of the prisoners caught his arm and others begged him not to shoot. For my part I said nothing. I thought their interference ill-timed. He told her that the prisoners had saved her life, but that if she ever attacked him again, he would kill her, be the consequences what they might. This cowed her thoroughly and she never troubled him again.

“I was told that this woman had children, but I can’t believe it, for no mother could have done what I saw her do to a little two-year old baby—a child of one of the prisoners. The baby sat at the head of the stairs with a piece of bread in its little hand when the Doctor came storming along. ‘Get out of my way, you little brat!’ she cried, and kicked the little thing down the stairs.

“Until she came we had detailed soldiers as cooks. These she had replaced by women who were entirely incompetent and of such uncleanly habits that it was impossible for us to eat the food they prepared.

“Mrs. Moon had her release papers made out, and as she was to leave in a day or two felt at liberty to do as she liked, and, accordingly, she went to the kitchen and turned the cooks out. The Doctor found it out, put the cooks back and told Mrs. Moon to mind her own business; but Mrs. Moon coolly sent the cooks away again, and two of us

prepared breakfast. The Doctor let the matter rest until the meal was on the table, then she locked all the doors and stood jeering at the fifty hungry women and children. But this time she met her match, for Mrs. Moon went to the woodyard, and returning with an axe deliberately broke the door open and ordered us in to breakfast.

"The Doctor ran at Mrs. Moon but she, with a flourish of her weapon, told her if she was wise she would let well enough alone. Away she went to the lieutenant, but he only laughed at her, and said Mrs. Moon was free, no longer under his control, and he did not care what she did.

"We ate our breakfast in peace and were allowed to do our own cooking afterwards.

"Some kind ladies in Louisville promised us a Christmas dinner, and every day we talked of it over our scanty meals. At last the long wished-for day arrived, but we did by no means spend it as we had hoped, for the Doctor furnished each room with a loaf of bread and a pitcher of water and locked up the inmates for the day. She received the dinner and she alone knew what became of it.

"During Christmas morning some Confederate prisoners were marched past our window and Julia and I and others waived our handkerchiefs to them. The Doctor saw us,

consequently we spent the rest of that Christmas in the dungeon.

"She wished constantly to dose us, but we had no confidence in her and refused to submit to her experiments. There was in the prison an old lady whose daughter was very ill. The Doctor insisted on prescribing for her, but the mother steadily declined the prescription and tried to persuade the Doctor to leave the room as her presence agitated the sick girl. This infuriated her and she flew at the mother and vigorously plied her hands on the old lady's face. After a struggle she was ejected and the door locked.

"Once when the Doctor had gone to New York the Colonel came to inspect the prison, and we complained to him of her cruelty. He told us to draw up a statement of our grievances, saying, if all signed it, he would try to have her removed.

"We did as advised, and, would you believe it? he not only did *not* try for her removal, but showed her the paper. She was like an insane person after that, and was worse than ever. Once she locked us up in our rooms and then set fire to a building so near the prison that it was enveloped in smoke and sparks. We were so sure the prison would catch fire that we implored to be allowed to go into the yard. The lieutenant wanted to let us out but she hid the keys. He

kindly went round to each room, however, and told us not to be frightened, for if the prison caught fire he would break open the doors. Fortunately the wind changed and the smoke and sparks were blown the other way.

"As the winter advanced Julia's cough became so bad we thought she had consumption, and the ladies of Louisville who visited us advised her to take the oath so that she might leave the prison. By taking the oath she would be compelled to go north of the Ohio. We had great difficulty in persuading her, but at last she consented and went away. I heard from her constantly. She could not stand the severe climate and made up her mind to disguise herself and go south through Louisville.

"For a long time I heard nothing from her, but at length I received a letter from a physician in Tennessee, telling us of her death. She had passed safely through Kentucky, but in Tennessee she was shot and left for dead in the road. This gentleman found her where she lay, wounded and dying, and he carried her to his own house, where she lived long enough to write a farewell letter.

"In April came the news of Lee's surrender, and on the 21st of that month the following order was issued :

““HEADQUARTERS MILITARY COMMANDER,
PROVOST MARSHAL’S OFFICE.

LOUISVILLE, KY., April 21, 1865.

““*Special Order,* }
No. 48. }

[EXTRACT.]

““II. The following named female prisoners, now confined in the Female Military Prison, are unconditionally released from arrest and allowed to return to their homes.”

[Here followed a list of the prisoners.]

““By command of

““Brevet Brig.-Gen. L. D. WATKINS,
Military Commander.
““Lieut. GEORGE SHANE, *Superintendent.*”

“I was one of the last to be released and was put out of the prison without money, food or transportation, and I went to the office and asked for transportation for the party. It was given us to Chattanooga, but still we had no money; so I applied to the Masons—you know my husband was a Mason—and they gave me funds. With it I paid our expenses from Chattanooga to Dalton, which was as far as the trains then ran. Then I walked the remaining fifty miles home. My father got a wagon and went back for my trunk, but he found it empty. This was a sore trial, for in prison I worked as hard as I could to earn a little money to buy materials for my children’s clothing.

I made their simple little dresses with so much pride, and it was a blow when I found that I had been working for thieves.

“The only photograph I had of my husband was taken with the other things. General Judah sent a guard to look for the things, but they were not found. So home I went, empty-handed, after ten weary months of imprisonment. *We were never tried nor were we ever told the cause of our arrest.*”

CHAPTER IX.

SUCH was the story as told by Rose McDonald, and our fate might have been similar had not Colonel Dean been a just as well as a merciful man.

About this time General Steadman issued an order that all Rebel women should be sent to a distance of not less than three miles from the railroad. I asked the officer who told us of it, if he knew the reason of the order, and he said that some women near Calhoun had removed a rail from the track and had thus destroyed a train of cars.

“But,” I asked, “were the women seen removing the rail?”

“No,” he replied, “they were not, but their cabin was not ten steps from the spot. If they were not guilty they must know who is,

and they refuse to tell. You will have to leave. There is no doubt about it."

"Are you sent to order us away?" I asked.

"No; but I would advise you to go," he answered.

"But we have no place to go to," I said.

"You will have to find one," replied he coolly.

It was determined in family conclave that we should remain until forced away. Nearly every day some of the Yankees would refer to this order and advise us to go. But our determination was adhered to in spite of all they said.

A month after Steadman's order was first issued, an officer brought us a written copy of it from Colonel Dean, and said that we must leave home within two days. "General Steadman," he said, "had been in the village the preceding day, and on finding that we were still at home, told Colonel Dean to enforce the order or he would turn him out and put some one in his place that would." The officer also advised us to see Colonel Dean ourselves, saying he was sure the Colonel would furnish us teams to remove our furniture to whatever place we might desire, provided it was within a reasonable distance.

When Mr. Burton first heard it was probable we would be compelled to leave our home, he

kindly offered us a refuge which we gratefully accepted.

Janet and I went to the village to ask for wagons and a guard during our removal. Colonel Dean granted the request and I am sure he was really sorry to be compelled to enforce Steadman's hard order. I have never heard of any other family upon which it was executed.

The morning brought the teams and guard. All that day and the next we were busy moving, the guard considering it a great frolic, making merry over the quantity of "family Bibles" as they called some large, old books of my father's. The library consisted of several thousand volumes, and we could not keep the teams to take them all to Mr. Burton's place, so a quantity of the books, together with a small stove, were locked up in one of the rooms. The Miller's family were to occupy the rest of the house.

Mr. Miller professed to be a Union man but his daughter was a most cantankerous little Rebel. A few days after leaving home we went back to see if the books had been disturbed and found Jane Miller in a fury.

"You hadn't more'n got out o' sight," said she, "when here came Dr. Wright in a buggy awantin the key o' the room the books is in. I wouldn't give it to him, an' he said he'd break the door down if I didn't give it up, so

mammy, she got skyured an' tuck hit fum me an' give hit to him. He tuk jist as many books as he could cram into the buggy an' I know the load must 'er broke the springs. He sot the stove outside an' sent for hit arterwards."

Dr. Wright was Post Surgeon at the village. Further depredations were prevented by the conveyance of the books to Mr. Burton's house.

Shortly after going to our kind friend's home, we heard indirectly that my father was wounded. It was only a rumor, but it served to make us so unhappy that Janet and I determined to go through the lines and find out the truth. It was soon settled that we, with Johnny Smith, were to set out as soon as our preparations were over. They were simple enough; two knapsacks were made of a pair of buggy cushions, and packed with our very limited wardrobe.

Each of us had a blanket rolled up and strapped to our knapsack, and Biddy presented us each with a haversack filled with provisions and a bottle of wine; then we were ready. Colonel Dean promised us passes and an ambulance to take us to the Etowah, which was the line.

At nine o'clock on the morning of the 10th of August, 1864, we entered the ambulance and left Mr. Burton's house, Sophy and

Biddy each throwing old shoes after us for good luck. We were taken to Colonel Dean's office to receive our passes and to have our luggage examined. When he saw the poor little knapsacks, he said they "could not contain much that was contraband, and he would take our word that an examination was unnecessary." He also said all he could to dissuade us from going.

"What will you do," said he, "when you cross the Etowah? Your army is in Atlanta, sixty miles away, and the country between is full of scouting parties from both armies. Think better of it, and return to Mr. Burton's."

"That is impossible," we replied; "we are determined to go."

"Have you friends on the other side of the river?" he asked.

"No," I replied. "Neither of us have ever crossed the river before, but the people over there are Confederates, and that is a sufficient guarantee that we shall not suffer."

"I see," said he, "that you are indeed determined to go, but I would advise you to make as large a circuit as possible so as to avoid the parties I spoke of." He then gave us the passes, and we climbed into the ambulance and set off for the river. How well I remember that ambulance! The floor was stained with blood, and on one side was the

perfect impression of a hand in blood, not yet darkened. There were red finger marks everywhere. A grawsome vehicle truly.

The roadway of the bridge being torn up, we got down, shouldered our knapsacks and walked across on the shaky planks left for the pickets' use, whose post was just beyond the bridge. Our passes were examined, pronounced all right, and we walked on, leaving the Yankee line behind us.

For a mile the road lay in sight of the pickets, so we trudged quietly though joyfully along until the shelter of the woods was reached. Here we dropped our burdens, and together executed a dance of triumph, which must have astonished Johnny Smith, he being of a phlegmatic disposition and inclined to do things decently and in order.

When our raptures had somewhat subsided we ate our dinner, and resumed our journey, though we did not know where we were going. Our plan was to follow the road until we found a house, then we expected to obtain all necessary directions as to our route. In case we did not find a house that day we had our blankets, provisions enough for two days and matches to start a fire. Our artillery consisted of Janet's seven-shooter, but we hoped to have no use for it. A half-mile further on we came to a deserted log cabin, and here we tried to get some water, but the

well-rope was gone, so we trudged on until several empty houses were passed, but not a living thing was to be seen,—neither bird, beast, nor man.

The sun was near setting but we decided to continue our route till dark, and if we did not then find an inhabited house to sleep in the woods rather than in one of those uncanny-looking cabins. Suddenly the silence was broken by a once familiar sound, and we stopped instantly.

“That’s a rooster ; hit’s a crowin’,” said Johnny.

We left the road and scrambled through the bushes in the direction of the friendly voice, and in a few minutes, guided by the rooster, who continued to crow, we came to a farm house. Here we were most kindly welcomed, and in answer to our inquiries they pointed to hoof-marks near the steps, and said a scout had ridden away not five minutes since, and if we were not too tired advised us to go to the next house only a half-mile away, for the scouts were there sometimes even at night, and would certainly be there in the morning.

One of the young ladies of the house went with us as a guide. In the morning many of the neighbors—all women—came to hear the news from the other side of the line. Presently a scout rode up, and proved to be Mr. McDonald, Rose’s brother. He asked many ques-

tions about the imprisonment of his sisters, and we were regretting that we could not tell him about his wife, as we had not met her, when he suddenly sprang from his chair and ran to the gate; where we saw him assist a pretty young girl from the saddle. "That is his wife," said some one.

The horse Mrs. McDonald had ridden was borrowed from a Yankee. She wished to return it, feeling in honor bound to do it, but her husband would not permit it, "for," he said, "they had captured two fine horses from him quite recently, and he intended to keep this one"—and he did. It was a poor apology for a horse, but we thought it should have gone back to the owner, as two wrongs do not make a right.

CHAPTER X.

MR. McDONALD borrowed two buggies from the neighbors, and a scout lent him a horse for us, so Janet, Johnny Smith and I were in one buggy, and Mr. and Mrs. McDonald in the other. Mr. McDonald decided that it was best for us to go to his uncle's place in Haralson County, his sister Maggie being there, and he wished to take her with his wife to Alabama, where

they had relatives; besides it was necessary to make a large circuit as the country was full of the scouting parties Colonel Dean had mentioned.

We travelled slowly as our horses were overloaded, and we walked up all the steep hills. The greatest kindness was shown us wherever we stopped for the night, and on the fourth day we reached Mr. Kenneth McDonald's home. Here it was found that two companies of Yankees had been wandering about the vicinity, but were supposed to have left, so we concluded to remain until it was quite certain that the coast was clear.

The next afternoon two of the ladies of the family went with me to the Tallapoosa River, which was about a quarter of a mile distant, for a bath. We swam and paddled about in the water to our heart's content. To rest we sat on the bank under a high bluff, and were surprised to hear the horses in the pasture above us whinnying and tearing about as if pursued.

One of the girls remarked that Zeke, a fine, young horse of her father's, was very playful, and must be chasing the others. Just then Mrs. Morton, another of Mr. Kenneth McDonald's daughter, slipped softly through the bushes and told us to "hurry home, for the Yankees were chasing the horses in the bluff pasture above us."

Never were toilets made with greater speed, and homeward we ran as fast as we could go. Midway something was heard crashing through the bushes, and we hid behind a clump of blackberries till we could see what caused the noise, and almost instantly a negro boy came tearing down the hill, his hat off, his eyes rolled up so that only the whites were visible, and his arms full of bedclothes which streamed and fluttered as he ran. With one bound he leaped upon the fence, and catching sight of us, shrieked: "Dey got Zeke! Dey got Zeke! Lord hab mussy on us!"

Mrs. Morton spoke to him but, deaf with fright, he disappeared in the woods, lamenting Zeke at the top of his lungs. When we reached home we found the entire household in a great commotion. Mr. McDonald had taken his horse and was hiding in the woods while Johnny carried off our steed and hid it so effectually that there was a deal of trouble in finding it again. Every little negro in the yard was armed with a cup or spoon to hide. Janet was running wildly about with a large Dutch oven containing a chicken pie, a little girl following her erratic flight with the lid, the coals still on it.

"Oh, what shall I do with the pie!" cried Janet. "I can't put it under the house as they'll be sure to find it there."

"Hurry and put it somewhere," panted the child. "I can't hold out much longer, the lid's *so* heavy!"

The pie at length found a resting place in the garden under the broad leaves of some tobacco plants. I did not stay to see the fate of the lid but, becoming panic-stricken like the rest, rushed upstairs to secure my little all; but before I finished cramming my possessions into my knapsack, Janet arrived, bent upon the same errand, and together we tried many hiding places, but finally concluded just to leave them in our room and trust to luck.

The night passed quietly and in the morning it was found that the noise we made while bathing in the water had frightened the Yankees away, they in all probability thinking we were Confederate soldiers, though they did not leave until they had captured Zeke.

They had done much damage on the other side of the river, and Mrs. Morton proposed that we should visit the scene of destruction. A shady walk of half a mile brought us to the ford opposite our destination, and pulling off our shoes and stockings we waded across. The dwelling house was undisturbed, but the inmates were still suffering from their fright and the loss of many articles of value either taken or destroyed.

They told us that a family of Tennesseans,

who were moving to South Georgia, had left their property in an outbuilding and the enemy had found it. On going to look at the remains, we found on the floor a mixture of twenty bags of flour, three barrels of molasses, a crate of glass and china pounded up and stirred in, and a number of silk dresses in shreds. There was a still on the place, and as many of the men had got drunk it was a matter of surprise that the torch had not been used and the place left under the guard of "Sherman's Sentinels," as the bare chimneys he left behind him were called.

By eight o'clock the next morning we were on our way again. As long as we were in Georgia we fared well, nor were we allowed to pay for anything, but as soon as the Alabama line was crossed it was far different, for we were looked upon with suspicion and could hardly procure food enough for subsistence. One day Mr. McDonald's horse broke down, so we stopped at a farm house to buy forage for the horses and dinner for ourselves. The owner said, surlily: "I haint nothin' to spar; you might as well go on." The country was thickly settled, houses being in sight of each other; so on we went, hoping for better luck next time.

Mr. and Mrs. McDonald had to walk and lead the horse, for it could barely pull the empty buggy. At eight houses we made our

application and as many times was it refused, and at the last house the horse had to be taken from the buggy for fear it would fall and break the shafts; then we sat hungrily and disconsolately regarding each other.

Johnny climbed into an apple tree, which was loaded with beautiful fruit, and filled his pockets, but after biting one he threw it down with disgust, emptied his pockets and returned to the buggy.

"Johnny, what's the matter with the apple?" asked Janet.

"They're the nastiest things you ever tasted," he replied. "Sour as vinegar and bitter as gall."

A little negro, as black as soot, seated himself on the fence near us. In one hand he held a tin pint cup, in the other a piece of corn bread, and as he raised his head from a prolonged sip at the former, a white mustache became visible — evidence unmistakable of buttermilk.

"I asked the man at the house to let us have at least some buttermilk and corn bread," said Mr. McDonald, "and he swore 'there wasn't a drop of milk nor a grain of corn on the place. Said the Yankees had killed the cows and taken the corn.' Now just see what that little rascal's eating."

A table was now spread on the piazza and the family sat down to dinner, while we looked

on. When they had finished, a pleasant-faced woman walked down to us and said, with some embarrassment: "If you will be content with bacon and greens and corn bread for yourselves and fodder for the horses, the old man says I may let you have 'em." Then she made apologies for the "old man" who had been "aggervated powerful" by the Yankees. We accepted the apologies and the dinner, paying well for both, I suppose, since the dinner certainly was not worth the sum demanded.

We were fortunate enough to spend the next night at the house of a Georgian from our own county, and dined the following day at the house of an Alabamian, whose daughter was the loveliest girl I ever saw. She had a pure Greek face, broad, low forehead, shaded by short, silky, black curls that lay in rings over her head like a baby's; eyes large and dark, complexion clear but pale, and lips scarlet. She seemed quite unconscious of her unusual beauty.

In LaFayette we were delighted to meet with some friends, whose warm-hearted hospitality quite made us forget the inhospitality of some of the people we had met. Here our party separated, Mr. and Mrs. McDonald, with Maggie, going on, while we remained a day with our friends. They gave us letters

to General Hardee, and through him we hoped to find my father.

We went by stage to Cusseta, the nearest railway station, where we sat up all night, expecting the train at every moment. At five in the morning it arrived, and carried us as far as West Point and then stopped, because there was a report that the road had been cut beyond. After a day's delay, however, we got as far as Newnan, where we found that the road was in possession of the enemy, and were obliged to return to West Point.

General Tyler, then in command at that point, advised us to give up all hope of reaching the army, saying that in Savannah we would probably be able to obtain information as to my father's whereabouts ; so we gave up our plan and set out for Savannah. Hearing at Opelika that the Provost Marshal was no other than Captain Belton, the son-in-law of Mr. Burton, we asked the conductor of the train to tell him that two ladies wished to see him.

Through the window we soon saw him approaching, leading Mrs. Belton's little nephew. Janet was an especial favorite of the little fellow, and when he saw her, he cried in his shrill little voice : "Kiss me, Miss Janet! kiss me, Miss Janet!" as Captain Belton held him up to the window, and his salute to Janet was so fervent, all the soldiers roared with laughter.

From Opelika we had a wearisome time, travelling nearly all the way in crowded box-cars, but early in the morning we reached Savannah, and driving to my married sister's house were terribly disappointed to find that the family were in the country, so we drove to my aunt's and there learned that my father's wound was healed, but that he was still quite weak. He was staying with Nelly and Mr. Annandale at Montgomery, a summer place on the Vernon River, where Captain Belton telegraphed that we were to be expected on a certain day.

My aunt sent us out in her carriage, and you may imagine our delight at the happy termination of our fifteen days' journey.

CHAPTER XI.

MY father's health improved rapidly, my brother was on furlough and Mr. Annandale was engaged in attending to signal corps affairs in the immediate vicinity, so that we were all together, and the time passed pleasantly enough.

As Montgomery is twelve miles from Savannah we did not often go to the city, besides it was not thought prudent to go back and forth at that season of the year; but this

did not matter to us, as we amused ourselves bathing and fishing.

Mr. Annandale bought a queer, little, flat-bottomed boat, nearly as broad as it was long, and in this we used to go crabbing in "Breakfast Creek," which was in the marsh just across the river opposite the house. Nelly never would go with us; she was afraid of the porpoises, who constantly appeared down at the point below the torpedoes in long strings, solemnly turning somersaults, and then coming up to blow. Some one had told her that a porpoise had once upset a boat in Breakfast Creek, and she could never be persuaded to venture there.

Janet did not care for fishing much, but Lou and I were on the water nearly all the time. Once we caught a pincushion-fish,—the ugliest-looking thing, with green eyes and teeth like a squirrel's. This fish, when angry, swells itself up into a curious semblance of a pincushion. I stuck a pin in it, but the fish was not the least bit discomposed.

One day Mr. Annandale went with us, and besides ourselves there were in the boat Balaam, a man servant, and a large fish-car, and although we were heavily loaded we thought we could throw the car overboard if it should be necessary to lighten the boat. I was steering, and we had crossed the river and were rounding the point by Breakfast

Creek, when the wind freshened and the water became quite rough. Mr. Annandale looked anxious and suggested that we go home at once; it was more easily said than done, as I had only an oar to steer with and once it was nearly jerked out of my hand, when Balaam exclaimed: "Tek 'em slantin', for Gawd sake, Miss Flawance!"

"Take care! take care!" cried Mr. Annandale. "These flat-bottomed concerns have sometimes an unpleasant trick of going down headforemost."

"Then what will become of me?" said Lou, plaintively. "You can all swim, but I—!" a big breaker struck us and she was silent holding tight to the seat.

Mr. Annandale and Balaam continued to shout at me, one to steer this way, the other, that way. We pitched about in a very alarming manner, and I believed at one time we were really going under, and very odd thoughts ran in my head. Mr. Annandale was silent, while Balaam said, between his set teeth: "Mighty bad plan for try an' sabe drownin' people, Miss Lou; bes' ting for do is, shub 'em off."

Poor Lou uttered not a word, and I had too much to do in taking care of my oar to have time to comfort her. Fortunately we soon got in to still water and landed safely, then walked home, Lou reproaching us on the

way for our inhumanity in not offering to save her.

One night not long after our narrow escape Lou and I went with Balaam to see him cast for shrimp. Lou was steering, my seat being in the bow, and every time the boat stopped Lou would run the bow into the marsh-grass, which crackled and emitted phosphoric light in a very scary way. She thought it was beautiful, but then she was in the stern. I was much too near that tall, ill-smelling grass to perceive the beauty; besides I believed that

“—— Slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.”

I am mortally afraid of things “with legs.” Lou laughed immoderately and said it was a just punishment for her treatment on the fishing expedition. Apart from the thought of “slimy things” the scene was most beautiful; the water, as the boat glided through it,—

——“ Like a witch’s oils,
Burnt blue, and green and white.”

Every frightened fish that darted past left a track of silvery white light shining in its wake.

Once Balaam brought up something in his net that flapped and snapped at a great rate, though it was too dark to see what the creature was until the landing was reached;

then it was found to be a "gar," which Nelly was prevailed upon to have for dinner next day. When it came on the table it looked so nice every one except Janet ate some; but dear me, I think that wretched fish was possessed, for it made us all very unhappy, nor was its ghost laid until the skin, which Balaam was drying on a tree in the yard, was honorably buried. Not one of us ever forgot that gar, and even at this late day Mr. Annandale is touched with the keenest emotion when that little episode is recalled.

In the afternoon we went to White Bluff, a summer place a few miles from Montgomery, to see the Water Witch, a gunboat captured from the enemy a short time previous to our arrival. The prize had been dearly bought with the life of Lieutenant Pelot, the gallant planner and commander of the expedition. The vessel had been surrounded with netting which the Confederates had to cut away, and this gave the alarm. A few Yankees ran on deck, but were overpowered and the hatches fastened down on those below. The boat was brought off in safety but our navy lost one of its bravest officers.

We liked Montgomery so much that my father proposed to rent a house and there make a home for us till the war was over. We heard that my mother and sisters were among the Atlanta exiles, and my father wrote

to friends in the army to find them out and direct them to us, as he was too weak to go in search of them himself. One of the exiles joined her husband at Beaulieu Battery near us, and when we went to see her, the account she gave of their sufferings was perfectly sickening. We were thankful when she assured us that among the exiles there were no persons answering to the description of my mother and sisters.

On the 3d of October a letter was received from Mr. McDonald, written on the eve of his departure for the Etowah. He promised to make every endeavor to reach Mr. Burton's home and see our people there.

My father and brother had returned to their commands, and on the 12th of October two letters were received from the former, both dated near Marietta, where he was with Hood's army. On the 30th of October another letter was received, stating that he would soon be with us as he was worn out, having gone back too soon, and was ordered to the rear.

My father was called "The Old Captain," as he was very much the oldest man in the regiment, being fifty-two years of age, and he had been a student all his life, yet it was wonderful how often he out-marched much younger and apparently stronger men. His regiment, the 63d Georgia, was in Smith's brigade,

Cleburne's division. General Smith was very kind to him, lending him his ambulance often, and showing kindness in many other ways.

In Savannah, General Hardee ordered my father to raise a battalion for city defence. He was to enroll all men capable of bearing arms, irrespective of nationality, and all furloughed soldiers, or soldiers who were passing through the city. The veterans did not mind it much, and in fact enjoyed the fun of hunting up the skulkers. One man was found in a bag in the garret, another hid under his counter, and a third in a rice tierce.

The battalion was ordered to Mentieth, which is about seventeen miles from Savannah, where it remained a few days and was barely saved from capture by a rapid retreat, afterwards being sent to Whitmarsh Island, six miles from the city, to the old camp of the Georgia regulars.

Ten thousand sick Confederates from Northern prisons were expected in Savannah in exchange for as many Yankees from Andersonville, and Janet went to the city to do her share in helping to care for them. They were in a horrible condition, not one of them but what were alive with vermin, and these loathsome insects had actually burrowed into their flesh, and the filthy rags they had on were dropping from them. They were fearfully emaciated.

Two of these men were sent to us to be cared for. They had been bathed in a decoction of some plant—*cocculus indicus*, I think—and their heads had been almost shaved to free them from their tormentors, so they came to us clean and decently dressed. One was quite young and needed only wholesome food to become strong again, but the other was broken down, feeble and old, and constantly pined for bacon and greens, which he got from the servants, and would eat in spite of the surgeon's orders to the contrary. He despised our oysters which we thought so fine, and said that "those of the James River were so big you had to make two bites of 'em an' chaw 'em at that." He also said that he knew he did not have long to live, and he wished he could be allowed to choose the way in which the remainder of his days was to be spent.

"And if you could choose, how would you spend them?" was asked.

"Jist this away," said he, his eyes shining at the thought. "I'd have the whole hateful Yankee nation tied so tight they couldn't move, an' I'd jist chop off heads studdy. Nor I wouldn't stop nuther, only jist onct a day, to draw breath and eat dinner."

Mr. Annandale, Nellie and Janet went to town leaving Lou and myself at Montgomery, but we were to join them as soon as it was

known that the city was to be evacuated. On the 6th of December Mr. Annandale sent for us, and it was arranged that Lou and I were to go to his place in Northeast Georgia, and that Janet should remain with Nellie; so at half-past five on the morning of the 10th of December, 1864, we went to the depot but had to wait until 11 o'clock before the train left.

We were delayed two days on the way from Savannah to Charleston, for the enemy had cut the road and the train had to wait for repairs. We bought some sweet potatoes at a cabin near by, made a fire and roasted them; and here for the first time, I saw people living in a cabin with an earthen floor. The woman from whom the potatoes were bought was a most peculiar looking person; her face was bloated, the skin was chalky white, and the lips livid. Some of the soldiers who were camped near by said they were dirt eaters.

One of the bridges that we had to cross was being shelled, and our train being an ammunition train, the conductor, fearing an explosion, hesitated about taking us, but when asked, every woman said she was "willing to take the chance," and we got across safely. The second night was spent in Charleston; the third in Augusta, from which place we telegraph to my aunt in Athens that she must expect us in the evening.

At the station her carriage awaited us, the driver asking us respectfully if we were "kin o' the young lady dat rid all de way frum Atlanta by herse'f?"

"What is her name?" we asked.

"Miss Sophy," said he, but he did not seem to know her other name.

We wondered if it could be our Sophy, and when the carriage stopped were disappointed that she was not there to meet us. On entering the parlor, however, some one sprang from behind the door and proved to be her. She had ridden not from Atlanta, but from Mr. Burton's, a distance of a hundred and fifty miles.

It seemed that as soon as Mr. Smith heard that the enemy had left our place he had ridden Gipsy back to see what had become of his family, and Sophy took the pony and rode to Athens, Mr. Smith accompanying her on foot. She came to see if it were possible to reach Savannah and to find out what was to be done for our future. We three consulted together, and concluded that it would be best for Sophy to go with Lou to Mr. Annandale's farm and that I should go home, taking with me Mr. Smith and our three ponies.

For two or three days I had been far from well, but fearing that my trip would be delayed, refrained from speaking of my indisposition, and started one morning with my head

burning with fever. Without once leaving the saddle on the first day, we made thirty-five miles over a road which was, as Mr. Smith expressed it, "half-leg deep in a slush o' ice an' mud."

I passed a wretched night and in the morning was too ill to sit on my horse, so Mr. Smith procured for me a buggy and a mule, with a little boy as driver, but the mule had never worked in single harness before and insisted on travelling on the side of the road, the end being that the buggy was upset and we were landed in a mud puddle. No harm being done to either of us, the vehicle was righted and we went on.

At the ferry over the Chattahoochee some men were quarrelling, and we had to wait for the settlement of their difficulty before we could cross. A short distance beyond we came to a comfortable looking two story farm house, and as I was now too ill to sit up, Mr. Smith begged permission for us to remain there until I was well enough to travel.

I can never forget those kind people, for if I had been a member of their own family they could not have cared for me with more tender consideration than they did. The old gentleman, who was a stanch Presbyterian, even endeavored to make me understand the mysteries of predestination, but my stupidity was such that his well-meant efforts came to

naught. I remained with these good Samaritans for several days and then left, although they thought I was not fit to travel.

The weather turned bitter cold, the ground was frozen as hard as a rock, and the keenest wind I ever felt sent the sleet with stinging force against my face, a thin silk veil proving but small protection. My fingers were too numb to hold the reins, so I laid them on the pony's neck and folded my arms, hoping thus to keep my hands from being frost-bitten. My stirrup was wrapped with carpet but the foot in it soon lost all sensation. The roads were so bad we made only twenty-five miles that day, and on stopping for the night I was so worn out with fatigue and cold that in attempting to dismount I fell perfectly helpless to the ground. Again I was fortunate enough to meet with the greatest kindness, and was so well cared for that in the morning I was sufficiently recovered to resume my journey.

At the bridge over the river we found a whole train of wagons waiting to cross, the floor of the bridge being gone, and in its place only a narrow path of loose planks, dangerous for a man to walk over, and trebly so for a horse. Such as it was, however, it was the only means of crossing; so I determined to go over it myself before trusting the ponies on it.

In the middle I found a poor mule that

had come to grief; its hind legs and body up to the fore legs having slipped between the diamond-shaped framework of the bridge, and it was only kept from falling into the river below by the wedging of its fore legs among the timbers. In its struggles it had torn nearly all the skin off its withers and was a most pitiable object. Thirty feet below on the river's edge lay a fine black horse, having broken its neck by falling in a frantic attempt to leap from beam to beam. I had the planks fastened as securely as possible and, after one or two narrow escapes, the ponies got over safely.

On the afternoon of the 24th of December we ascended a hill and looked down upon the spot where Cassville had once stood. Of the town nothing remained but the naked chimneys, grim sentinels over the ruins of these desolated Southern homes.

CHAPTER XII.

ABOUT sunset we came in sight of home and Gipsy gave an eager whinner of recognition, springing forward so that I was obliged to turn her resisting head, for my destination was Mr. Burton's house, five miles away, and just as the chilly twilight was

deepening into night we cantered up to the gate. My journey of over a thousand miles was safely ended at last, and I had the happiness of giving my mother and Maria a pleasant surprise by walking unexpectedly into their room that Christmas eve.

It was a cold night and as soon as I had removed my wrappings we gathered around the fire, and I put my feet on the fender, my mother and Maria did likewise. Absurd looking things they were, to be sure. My mother's shoes, full of holes, were covered by cloth patches, and Maria had on what were called "the family shoes." These were yellow brogans bought, before the Yankees came, for a servant boy, but he had never worn them; so whenever we were obliged to go into the mud the one with the "holiest" shoes put them on. Maria had been in the stable-yard and was so excited at seeing me that she forgot to take them off.

We talked far into the night about the past and looked hopefully to the future, for even then we did not doubt our ultimate success. The following is Sophy's account of what occurred during the time that elapsed after our going through the lines to our meeting in Athens, though I did not hear it until the summer of 1865.

SOPHY'S STORY.

"After you, Janet and Johnny Smith left an English Yankee, named Vivian, was sent to guard the place. He was, on the whole, well behaved and attended to his duty. He had a friend named Metz who came often to see him, and who had a horse and buggy but no harness. Now you remember we had a buggy and harness but no horse. So Metz proposed a trade, offering us a horse for our harness. He had the animal below the terrace at the back of the house."

"Yes," interrupted my mother, "and I, in attempting to go down the steps to look at it, fell down the terrace and nearly killed myself. The guard picked me up, helped me up the steps and was assisting me into the house when Mr. Burton rushed out to know what was the matter. He was scandalized to see me leaning on a Yankee's arm, but I was too much bruised to care."

Sophy laughed as she continued. "We were much afraid she was hurt, but an examination showed the only harm done was a bruise; then we had to laugh, for that very day she had cordially agreed with Biddy when she said of the Yankees, that she 'wouldn't touch wan iv them with a tin foot pole!'"

"Did you make the trade with Metz?" I asked.

“Oh, no. The horse was lame, and we wouldn’t have it, so he brought another which he said was sound but worn down with over-work. We took this one, but in a few days it showed ‘big head.’ Oil of vitriol was recommended as a cure, so a ring of grease was made around the inflamed spot and the space within painted with the vitriol. The application had to be made twice, and though it was a cruel, it was a successful remedy.

“Mrs. Morris, who, together with her children and her sister, Miss Patsey Green, lived in one of Mr. Burton’s houses, had a nice, fat, little mule named Mike, and when meal was wanted Nancy Morris and I were sent for it, riding double on Mike to the mill ; and when the bag was filled and put on his back, I sat on top of it, but I did not stay there long for Mike took it into his head to roll and shot the bag and myself into the road. We made him get up, and by dint of much tugging and straining put the bag back.

“Mr. Burton had an eccentric negro named Dick, who, as he expressed it, ‘progged a heap,’ and in one of these proggings expeditions Dick picked up two old, scarecrow mules and the fore wheels of a wagon. This was a fine equipage. Dick was afraid to go anywhere alone, as he thought the Yankees would either put him in the army or make him wait on them, so to avoid this, when in

their presence, he drew pretty heavily on his reputation for eccentricity. He would not go to the mill without a companion, so on one occasion Nancy and I seated ourselves on his two-wheeled concern and went with him. It was twelve o'clock when we arrived, and while the miller was grinding the corn Nancy produced a lunch of corn bread and two little slices of bacon, which we proceeded to eat.

"Several Yankees stood and stared at us, making comments on our luncheon and ourselves. I don't know why but until then I had not noticed Dick's attire, but as I looked at him, a more forlorn object was never seen. A fragment of a hat without rim or crown was on his head; his shirt was in ribbons, the sleeves torn off above the elbows; his trousers were rags tacked together, leaving the legs bare from the calf down; his shoes were tightly laced and tied with white strings around the ankles, the shoe pegs grinning like a skeleton's teeth, and the soles flapping as he walked. Said I :

"'Dick, why in the world have you made such a scarecrow of yourself?'

"'Nebber mine, Miss Sophy,' he replied in a mysterious whisper, at the same time giving me a cautionary wink; 'nebber mine, I got better close to home, but I put on dese yere ole rags for mak'em tink I poo', den dey wont come sarchin' in my house.'

"The bags being in their places we started, all walking as the mules were too weak to pull more than the meal. There was a good deal of trouble with one of the wheels; it wobbled about in a most unaccountable manner and finally came off.

"What de debbil de matter wid dis wheel?" cried Dick, giving it a kick and thereby driving the loose pegs into his toes, which caused him to howl and drop the reins. The wheel was in pieces, so a rail was fastened in its place, consequently home was not reached until after dark.

"One day Maria and I drove to our own home to see our old nurse, for she had been allowed to remain although we had been sent away. In walking over a loose stone Maria slipped and fell, spraining her ankle so badly that it was hard work to get her into the buggy. She suffered intense pain, and for some weeks could not walk. One day as she was hopping through the scullery, Dicky Crofts, a half-witted fellow, who sometimes worked for Mr. Burton, stopped her. He always spoke rapidly, but this time it seemed to me he spoke like a flash of lightning—without pause or stop. Raising his two long, skinny, brown hands, and bending towards her, he said:

"Miss Maria, ef you don't take some sassafrax tea an' 'nint your ankle with hit, you'll

do jist like a gal what I knowed, which clumb a fence an' fell over hit an' sprained her laig; an' some tole her to do one thing an' some tole her to do 'nodder, and I tole her to use sassafrax tea, and she wouldn't an' she turned punkin color an' mortified, den died in the rackinest mis'ry.' But Maria's ankle got well after a while.

"Yankee Jennie, as we called the horse we bought with the harness, had become so tender-footed that it was absolutely necessary to have her shod. The blacksmith was an old man who lived ten miles away, but we determined, in spite of the distance, to take her to him. The guard, Vivian, insisted on going with us, probably suspecting that we were going to see Confederates, though he pretended he thought we ought not to ride so far alone. We told him he was neither wanted nor needed, but he would go, so we rode on our way quite oblivious of his presence. When we had gone half way the woods became very thick, making it a wild bit of country. The guard turned pale and, looking nervously around, said he found 'the trip would take too much time as he had to go to the village in the afternoon.'

"At a house on the way, a woman and her daughter were heard lamenting the loss of their potatoes which the Yankees had just grabbed. They gave us something to eat,

then directed us to the blacksmith's shop, where we found the old man crushing sugar cane. He said he could not possibly shoe the horse as he had neither shoes, coal nor nails; but we had brought shoes with us, Dick having pulled them off the skeleton of a Yankee horse. When these were shown and he was told how far we had ridden, he said:

“Well, well, go scratch in the ashes an' see ef you kin fine a leetle coal.”

“We scratched and found the coal—a small handful. ‘Enough,’ he said, ‘but where is the iron for nails?’

“Pursuing our investigations in the ash heap, bits of iron that were suitable were found. Nancy and I blew the bellows, the old man shod the horse, and then, with many thanks, we started homeward, arriving at nine o'clock that night.

“Mr. Oldman came one day to Mr. Burton's and, in the course of conversation, intimated to me that he had seen Confederates lately. I was afraid to ask any questions then, as the house was full of Yankees, but I determined to go to his place, which was on a mountain about five miles distant. We often sent letters through Colonel Dean, but they were necessarily brief and guarded. Through the Confederates we hoped to meet at Mr. Oldman's, when we expected to send full accounts of the state of things within the lines.

"Taking many letters with us, Nancy Morris and I mounted our two horses, mere bags o' bones, and creeping steadily along reached the place, only to find that the Confederates had been there the day before but had left, intending to return the following week with two more. We were much disappointed at having been a day too late and determined that it should not happen so again.

"At the appointed time Nancy and I were once more at Mr. Oldman's, and there found two Confederates who had come for the purpose of blowing up engines on the Western and Atlantic Railway. They had been too long away from our army to know much of its movements, but they informed us that in two weeks a squad of ten Confederates would arrive, bound on the same errand that they were, and that we would then have late news of the army and, possibly, of our friends. A house two miles from Mr. Burton's, belonging to a widow, had been burned, and this spot was appointed as the place of meeting. Ten days after, as Mrs. Morris was making soap out in a field near Mr. Burton's, a mounted Confederate dashed by, uttering as he passed her the words, 'To-night — the burnt house.'

"She was very glad to recognize in the soldier a young man that she knew well, and from him she hoped to obtain information as

to her husband, who had been carried off desperately wounded on the last train that left the village before it was occupied by the enemy, and she had heard nothing from him since. At nine o'clock that night she came for me, and while the guard was safe in front of the house, we went softly downstairs.

It was a still cold night ; the moonlight so clear that we feared the guard might go to the back of the house and see us before we got safely under cover of the shrubbery, but he did not. At the burnt house we met ten mounted Confederates, and at sight of us they sprang from their horses, then advanced, shook hands and stood with heads uncovered, holding their horses. Mrs. Morris knew all but one, a Texan, but they could tell her nothing of her husband, though they spoke hopefully of our cause. All they said was cheerful, and it was happiness just to see those gray uniforms once more.

“We inquired if we could do anything for them, but they were all well provided for but one—the Texan—who was destitute, so to him we promised a suit of clothes. We were to send any letters to Mr. Oldman’s, and they would forward them, and after talking a half hour longer they shook hands, mounted and rode away.

“The next day we set about preparing the promised suit of clothes. The carding mill

was ten miles away and, as our horses were the slowest of the slow, we started very early, Nancy on a saddle and I on the bag of wool. The mill was run by a woman who could not, or would not, card the rolls for us that day, so the wool had to be left and we were to come for it in two days; so early on the morning of the second day Nancy and I set out again, and on the way met a man who told us that if we kept an eye open we might see some Confederates.

“As we passed a farmhouse a fine, young mule, with a new halter on, came trotting up, and the farmer told us it was a Yankee mule and that no one could catch it. ‘The Yankees,’ he said, ‘had tried and failed, and so had he.’ It took a fancy to my horse and followed us. Some distance further on a turn in the road brought us in full view of a squad of Confederates, with a lieutenant in command.

“‘Oh, you are Confederates!’ I exclaimed eagerly. All removed their caps, and the lieutenant replied:

“‘Yes, we belong to Wheeler’s command,’ adding, as he pointed to his bandaged head, ‘You see, I got a wound last night when we blew up the engine.’

“I asked if he did not want the mule that was following us, at the same time telling him how many ineffectual efforts had been

made to catch it. He was very glad to get the mule and requested us, as it followed my horse, to ride with them to a farmer's house about a mile further, where there was a horse lot, and he would try to catch it. As we rode along he said:

“Are you not afraid of the Yankees?”

“Oh, no; we flanked the pickets at the station.”

“But you might meet others,” he replied.

“It would not matter,” I said. ‘I don’t think they would harm us. Besides, I always go well protected.’

“Indeed! May I ask in what way?” he asked.

“I carry a pistol,” was my answer.

“Carry a pistol!” he repeated with an amused expression. ‘Do you know how to use it?’

“Yes, certainly; I learned to shoot when I was a child,” I answered, laughing.

“If you do not object, I would like to see your pistol,” said he.

“It was the one poor Rose McDonald gave me the last time I saw her; a single barrel, muzzle loader, that carried an enormous ball, but it was a self-cocker, and I suppose it looked to that soldier as if it came out of the ark, for he laughed as he said that it could not do much harm.

“When we reached the lot the men tried

to drive the mule in, but it would not go, so I rode ahead and it followed; then the gate was closed and the soldiers were chasing it round and round the enclosure, when a little boy flung open the gate and shouted:

“Run! Run! Yankees coming!”

“The way those men left the mule, mounted their horses and darted through that gate into the woods, was marvelous to behold. The Yankees gave a yell and galloped to the empty lot, though they did not attempt to follow the Confederates, nor did they speak to us, but went promptly to work on the poor farmer’s potatoes.

“Two Union women—the only ones I ever heard of in our neighborhood—had passed while the Confederates were chasing the mule, and reported them to a foraging party of a hundred Yankees who were at the mill. We met these women afterwards at the same place, and I said to one of them:

“‘You sent those Yankees after our men.’

“‘No, we didn’t,’ one replied, ‘but we was feared they’d ketch ‘em.’

“‘You will be glad to know, then,’ I said, ‘that in spite of the treacherous wretch that tried to betray them, they have escaped.’ But she made no reply.

“We found our wool still uncarded, the woman saying she had been too busy. We told her that the wool was to make clothes

for a destitute Confederate, and that we were not going until she did card it. Then she told us that if we 'would wait we could have it in the afternoon,' consequently we unsaddled, fed the horses, rested awhile, and ate our lunch. By this time the wool was ready and we returned by a different route, and had much trouble in making the horses cross at the ford, which was badly choked up with the decomposing remains of several of their brethren.

"It was late and quite cold, so we stopped at a house to warm and the family pressed us to remain all night, but knowing how anxiously we were expected, we went on. There was no moon and the stars gave barely light enough for us to see the road, so we sang to keep our courage up. Once our voices stopped with a frightened quaver as a white object crossed the road, but a steady glance showed that it was only a sheep, and we rode on, laughing at our cowardice. Nancy was to spend the night at a house a quarter of a mile from home, so I rode the rest of the way alone, but everything looked so familiar I did not mind it. It was eleven o'clock when I got down at the gate."

CHAPTER XIII.

SOPHY'S STORY CONTINUED.

“SOON after you left, the boys brought the threshing machine, a clumsy old concern worked by six horses.

“‘Where did you get the horses?’ I asked.

“Two were old, blind animals that belonged to some women in the neighborhood; Dick’s half dead mules were the second pair and the third was a fine U. S. horse and an old condemned animal.

“How did you happen to have a U. S. horse?” I questioned.

“The boys that owned the machine brought it with them; they captured it, and although two Yankees came and looked on while we were threshing, they said nothing about the brand on its shoulder.

“The boys had as much as they could do to feed the machine so I drove. It was tiresome, as I had to stand, fearing that my skirt might have caught in the machinery if I sat down. Dick and Dicky Crofts hauled in the wheat and measured it when it was threshed and Mrs. Morris and Nancy piled the straw, but the work was not finished until twelve o’clock the next day, and a dirty looking object I was when this, my first threshing experience, was over.

"The sorghum had next to be attended to, so Mike turned the old wooden crusher, Mr. Burton and Dick fed it, the rest of us stripped the cane, while Mrs. Morris attended to the boiler, and although the crushing was done before dark, the juice was not boiled down till near daylight.

"Dick and Mrs. Morris attended it, we and the little boys sat round the boiler fire till eleven o'clock roasting nuts and apples, the roasted apples reminding me of a suggestion of the guard, Vivian, in regard to Yankee Jenny. She had U. S. branded on her shoulder, and he said if we wished to keep her the brand ought to be removed, and that the best way was to roast a turnip and apply it hot to the letters.

"We roasted one and Maria held the mare while I applied the turnip. The poor thing reared and plunged in agony, and then we realized what a cruel thing we had done; although the turnip did its work and removed the brand, I don't think it hurt her long for she did not seem to mind it at all when I rode her a day or two after to Mr. Oldman's to see about our shoes.

"Did he make shoes?" I asked.

"No, but we heard he could tell us where to find a shoemaker, so Nancy and I went one day to get directions from him. I carried with me a piece of sole-leather trunk to make my

shoe-soles of, and expected to buy material for the uppers. We dined at Mr. Oldman's and then started down the other side of the mountain to go in search of the shoemaker. Mr. Oldman advised me to leave Jenny, as the way was so rough, so we only took Mike, but relieved him of the saddle so that his load would be as light as possible. Half way down the mountain side a rustling was heard in the bushes below us. Nancy screamed out: 'Lod o' mussy! Hit must be Yankees! Slip back, Miss Sophy, an' let me ride too!'

"I slipped back, Nancy jumped up in front and we raced up the mountain, stopping only when we reached Mr. Oldman's door, the stanch little mule not minding his double burden at all. Mr. Oldman laughed at us, saying that it was nothing but hogs we had heard in the bushes, so we retraced our steps. No shoemaker was to be found at the tan yard, however, but I engaged some leather which was yet in the vat.

"Jennie needed shoeing again, so this time I took her to Mr. Martin's shop, only to find that he had no nails. Mrs. Martin intimated to me that she had lately seen Confederates, but as the house was full of women, strangers to me, I dare not ask questions. On reaching home I told Miss Patsey and she went to see Mrs. Martin the next day.

"She heard that a son of Mrs. Martin's

and a man named Hutchinson were hiding in the woods near the house and were in need of both food and clothing, but the family were unable to supply their wants as the Yankees watched them closely, so Miss Patsey proposed that as she was not watched, she would carry the soldiers what they needed. When she got home it was quite dark but Nancy sent for me, so I went at once and after hearing what she had to say hurried back to our rooms to see what we could send them. I found some underclothing, two pairs of trousers and two hats, so I packed them together with as much food as Miss Patsey could carry, and took the bundle to her that night.

“I wanted to go with her, but we had agreed that if I did not see her at four o’clock in the morning, she was to know that the guard at our home was on the watch, and she would go without me. I rose before day, but the guard was already up, so I did not leave my room until long after Miss Patsey had gone. She found the poor fellows very hungry and ragged, and thankful they were for the supplies she brought, for they were to return to their commands the next day. I regretted that the guard had prevented me from going with her, as Miss Patsey had to carry the heavy bundle alone.

“‘Oh, that didn’t make no difference, honey,’

said she, 'I jist put on the breeches an' slung the victuals on my back, an' went on jist as slick as you please.'

"One morning I went home to see how our house was cared for and found the lawn covered with an immense drove of cattle, and the captain of the escort, which always accompanied a drove, was seated in the parlor. Just then a heavy thunderstorm came up, and the captain, in great trepidation, took off his sword and threw it on the piazza, remarking as he did it, that 'it was not prudent to have metal about one at such a time.'

"At that moment came a frightfully vivid flash of lightning, instantly followed by a terrific peal of thunder, making the windows rattle and the house shake so badly that I thought it had been struck. Every one seemed paralyzed by the shock and for a minute there was a dead silence, first broken by direful yells from the direction of the lawn. Four soldiers were stretched on the ground, screeching and writhing as if possessed with the legion that entered the herd of swine.

"They had been gambling this hot Sunday afternoon under a tall pig-nut tree, which the lightning had cleft from top to bottom, but, strange to say, had not killed or deprived the men of the fullest use of their lungs, only deadened their lower limbs. The one who was least hurt was brought to the piazza

where two of his companions walked him up and down to restore sensation to his foot which was bare, white as marble and apparently bloodless.

"When the rain had ceased and the men were gone, I went to look at the pig-nut, and at the foot of the tree, amid fragments of bark and splintered wood, found a poor little flying squirrel and her young family scorched and dead.

"I don't suppose you have forgotten that Janet gave Butcher a letter to give to any of our pickets he might chance to meet. Well here is one from him which was received after you left.

"Camp near Chattahoocha River,
"July 6th 1864.

"Miss Janet Henry,

"Much Esteemed Friend.

"I will avail myself of this opportunity to let you know that I havn't had an opportunity of Complying with your request. I have tried it severul times but have failed. Once when on picket I came very near having an interview with one of my friend Rebels when orders came to assault the picket lines and I did not get the Chance.

"We had a few dayes armistis on picket. We had to assault the lines, the 7th Texas regt was on the lines that Day in front of us. Our boys and them exchanged papers severul times. But after severul Dayes hard fighting they abandoned their works around Kennesaw Mountain and now we confrunt them at the River, they occupy One side and the Yankees the other. I can't tell what will Be the next ishue. But I hope the Campane will end hear for the Weather is getting so warm Out hear that I can hardly tell the truth. Miss Janet I Would like very much to have a letter from

you I want to know What to do with *that*. I must confess that I am in some danger if it should be found in my possession it will go harde with me in the future But if you will write and let me know if it is your request to try longer I will Doo so if you Say so I will Destroy it and should I have a Chance I will send a few lines if you request it. I remain your true friend and well wisher.

“‘RICHARD BUTCHER,

“‘Co. C. 17 Regt. Ky. Vol.,

“‘3 Brigade, 3 Division, 4 Army Corpse.’

“‘I suppose you wrote at once to him to destroy Janet’s letter?’ I said.

“‘Yes, of course,’ was the reply.

“‘What a fancy he has for capital letters, and what spelling!’ I remarked.

“‘Never mind that, it is a kindly letter, and it behooves us not to be too particular when meeting kindness from a blue coat.’”

* * * * *

“When I went for the leather we had engaged at the tan-yard,” continued Sophy, “I lost my way and rode up to a house to inquire. The fence was quite high, so that although I was on horseback, only my head and shoulders could be seen above it, and my short hair, pine straw hat and gray jacket deceived the women who came out to speak to me. She thought I was a scout and addressed me as ‘Sir,’ in the most respectful manner. At the tan-yard I found the leather ready, and while waiting for it to be rolled

up I heard a great noise in the next yard. A hog had attacked a child and when the father went to its assistance, the furious beast tore the little one so dreadfully that he was ill for months.

"I carried the leather home and had some clumsy yellow shoes made from it' that looked like negro brogans, but were not quite so heavy. Colonel Dean was always kindly disposed towards us, so when I had occasion to go to Mr. McDonald's again, and asked him for a pass, he gave me the following:

"**HEADQUARTERS POST,**
" **KINGSTON, GA.,**

"**Sept. 19, 1864.**

"**Permission is hereby granted to Miss Sophy Henry and attendant to go to Mr. McDonald's and return (good for five days).**

"**B. D. DEAN,**
" **Colonel 26th Mo. V. I.**
" **Commanding Post.**

"Some time in October General Davis' Corps passed us on its way after Hood. It reached Mr. Burton's in the morning, remained there the rest of the day and that night, leaving next morning. As soon as we knew that the Yankees were around, we locked all the doors, then ran to the dairy at the spring to save the milk-pans, and on the way back we met Metz, the man from whom Jenny was bought, who warned us to look after the cows

if we wished to save them. They were at once driven to the front of the house and protection applied for, then we went after the turkeys, caught and put them in a coop.

“The coop was long and narrow, and we soon found that as fast as we put them in at one end, a Yankee took them out at the other, but this was discovered in time to save two or three which had to be hidden in the bottom of the china closet. An officer helped us catch the ducks which we hid with the turkeys, then with much tugging and straining, Mr. Burton’s old carriage and our buggy were dragged up the hill where they would be under the guard’s eye. Mike had been tied to the carriage but a Yankee carried him off. The same officer who had helped us with the ducks, brought him back, then we put him in the tool house which was above the terrace. This officer seemed to think the whole affair a capital joke and laughed heartily during the duck chase.

“We did not sleep much that night, not knowing what the men might do, but everything passed smoothly and the next morning as soon as the troops had left, the cows were sent to Mr. Oldman’s. That night about ten o’clock the cook woke us with the information that the Yankees had come back; so as soon as possible we went to the dining-room, and on opening the door were startled to find it

full of soldiers. We shut it hastily and retreated to the kitchen.

“The cook was busy preparing General Mansfield’s supper, which was sent to the dining-room as soon as ready. As the servant with the tray, opened the door we heard a loud peal of laughter, and set our wits to work to think what could be affording such amusement. When the girl returned we learned that the Yankees had put the ‘preacher bone’ in the middle of the table and were laughing over it, wanting to know what it was as they had never seen such a thing before. You remember what it was,—a section of a horse’s back bone dressed up with spectacles, gown and bands.

“General Mansfield and his men left about daylight the next morning and we never saw the Yankees in any force afterwards. Not long after this the guard Vivian was ordered to rejoin his command.

“In November we were told that Sherman and his whole army, which had been for some time at Kingston, was soon to abandon this part of the country to look up Hood, and we thought it time to make what preparations we could for the event.”

“Yes,” interrupted my mother, “I went with Dick to the mill, as we now had a four-wheeled wagon, and this I had loaded with grain, for every one thought the mill would

be burned. Indeed, the guard said that he 'had orders to burn it when he left,' and I wished to save as much food as possible. Mr. McDonald advised me to go to Kingston and ask Sherman not to burn the mill, for it was the only one in many miles and if burned the suffering among the women and children would be great. I went to Kingston, but it was a long time before the guard would allow me to enter the gate of Sherman's quarters, but at length he let me in and as I went into the hall an officer met me and curtly demanded my business. When I had stated what I wanted, he said:

“‘General Sherman can’t be bothered with that.’

“I still insisted on seeing General Sherman myself, and the officer told me he would see if the General was at leisure, so popping his head in at a door and as quickly popping it out, he said:

“‘The General is busy, but sent a message to the effect that he would certainly burn the mill and would use the torch everywhere that suited him.’”

“The next day,” continued Sophy, “four officers and a squad of men came to Mr. Burton’s, staid all day and went away in the evening. These were the last Yankees we saw until after the surrender.”

CHAPTER XIV.

SOPHY'S STORY CONCLUDED.

“IN the fall Mr. Burton had sent Biddy to Nashville on business, but she did not return until the latter part of November, and brought with her a Mrs. Blackwell, the wife of a major in our army. Biddy had found this poor lady alone and friendless in Dalton, which was then on the Yankee line. She was sitting on the depot platform with her baby in her arms, crying bitterly, and awaiting the execution of her sentence which was, that she and her two children be carried a certain distance into the country and put down. She did not know a soul in Georgia, and was one of the most timid, shrinking people I ever saw. She needed no persuasion to accept Biddy's offer of a temporary home, nor did she ever know why she had been sent from her own home.

“Mr. Smith reached Mr. Burton's about the last of November and I determined to return with him to Athens early in December, and it was a little before ye^r left Savannah that I was on my way, not dreaming that our meeting was so near. We left Mr. Burton's one afternoon quite late, for we intended going only as far as the house of Mr. Smith

that night, expecting to make an early start the next morning. As we passed a house some one called out to us that Mr. McDonald was just a little way ahead, and to hail him, as he wished to see Mr. Smith before he left.

“When we had reached a lonely bit of road by the churchyard, Mr. Smith endeavored to locate our friend by repeatedly calling out his name, but there was no answer, until we came opposite a large oak, and by the uncertain light we saw a dark figure emerge from the shadow of the tree.

“‘Is that you, Mr. McDonald?’ I asked startled, when, on riding close to him, I saw a set look on his face, but which changed instantly as he recognized me.

“‘Yes, it is I,’ he said, throwing down a huge stone.

“‘What did you intend to do with that stone?’ I asked.

“‘Well,’ he replied, ‘when I heard Smith call, I thought it was one of the scoundrels that are prowling about the country since the Yankees left, and I supposed he would be up to some devilment, so I picked up the rock to smash him with.’

“In his youth Mr. McDonald had been the strongest man in the country. And his big arm yet retained strength enough to have destroyed any one against whom he had come in contact.

"We began our journey the next morning. Mr. Smith knew the man at the bridge where you had so much trouble in crossing afterwards, and we met him late in the afternoon a quarter of a mile from his house, which was but a few steps from the bridge. He told us we could find lodging for the following night at his house, but we must not attempt to cross the bridge until the next day, as sunlight would be needed to make the dangerous trip in safety. I thanked him and rode up to the gate and was about to dismount, when a woman appeared and screamed: 'You needn't 'light. You kaint stay here!'

"'But your husband said we might,' I replied.

"'Well, *I* say you kaint, and that's 'nuff!' said she.

"'We can't cross the bridge in the dark, and there is no house near but this, so where can we go?' I asked.

"'I don't know, an' I don't kyur! But you shaint an' you kaint come in hyur!' she exclaimed spitefully.

"'Well,' I replied, quietly, 'if you won't let me in the house, I will sit on the piazza until your husband comes, and see what he will have to say.' I dismounted, Mr. Smith, who had taken no part in the conversation, laughing softly as he unsaddled Gipsy and put the saddle on the piazza. I sat down, and turn-

ing to the woman asked 'if forage for the pony's supper was in the stable.' The woman almost cried with rage as she answered:

"'Sence I tole you not to come in, an' you've done come an' sot yourse'f down an' will stay, an' I kaint *make* you git out, I reckon you may as well have victuals for the horse, for I 'low you'll take hit anyhow. I nuver seed the like o' your impidence, I nuver did!'

"Just then the husband arrived and gave his wife a sound rating; I was very tired and asked to be shown to my room, so the woman motioned me to a door, and growled out that I would have to stay with a friend of hers, who was already in the room. I opened the door, and the queerest apparition arose from the bed, greeting me with the interrogation, 'Stranger, who pe's you?'

"I replied that I was 'sorry to disturb her, but that I was told I was to spend the night in that room?'

"'I no like dis at all,' said my interrogator, who was a little Dutch woman.

"I assured her that I did not myself find the situation an especially agreeable one, and doubted not that we would both be more comfortable if another apartment could be found.

"'Dat no possible, as you ferry well know,' said she. 'Dere is no more rooms.'

"I signified my regret, and suggested that

we make the best of affairs since no change was to be effected. She did not reply but threw herself back with a discontented grunt. At first I thought I would spread my blanket on the floor and sleep there, but the night was bitter cold and the wind, through the many cracks, whistled a savage warning against such an imprudence. The little woman eyed me curiously as I unbuckled my pistol and placed it under the pillow.

“‘Gott in Himmel! Vhat for you do dat?’ cried she, darting bolt upright. ‘Te tear Gott know nopotty ever do de like o’ dat!’

“‘Never mind,’ I answered. ‘It won’t hurt you unless you meddle with it. I always sleep with my hand on it, so as to be ready in case of robbers or meddlesome people.

“‘Den I no sleep in dis pet dis night,’ said she indignantly. ‘I vill pe kilt teadt befor morning!’

“‘I don’t think you’ll be hurt,’ I said; ‘still if you would like to go elsewhere, I will be the last one to object.’

“‘I vill not pe turnt out de room in vich I am gone to pedt,—no, not for nopotty!’ said she, with increasing anger.

“I spread my blanket so as to cover up as much as possible of the uninviting couch and wrapping up in my large double shawl, lay down in anything but a grateful frame of mind.

“My little friend continued to scold, and finally said, ‘Vich vay you turn de hole in dat ting?’

“‘It’s turned towards the door,’ I said, ‘and you must positively be quiet and let me go to sleep, or you will make me nervous and then I might accidentally turn it towards you.’ At this she set up an odd little shriek and implored me to hold it tight, and after many assurances that I was doing so, she raised the pillow and looked at my hand to satisfy herself that I had told the truth.

“She awoke me once or twice in the night with the inquiry: ‘Haf you de handt on it yet, alreaty?’ In the morning she forgave me for frightening her and became quite sociable, even escorting me to the bridge, which was in the same condition in which you afterwards found it, the flooring gone and only a narrow pathway of loose boards.

“Gipsy planted her forefeet, put her ears back and refused to cross. A huge countryman who was waiting until we were over, to bring across his wagons and stock, strode up to her saying: ‘I’ll make her go!’ and struck her a terrible blow with his heavy whip. The poor creature’s eyes dilated as if they would burst from their sockets, and she squatted and trembled. I was on the ground, and sprang forward to catch the whip, but was too late.

“As it the second time curled round her

flank, with a snort of terror she reared straight up and dashed on to the bridge. The planks rattled and seemed to slip from under her flying feet and I held my breath, expecting every instant to see her plunge into the river below, but she crossed in safety. I can never forget that man's brutality nor could I trust myself to speak to him then, and, well pleased with the success of his cruelty, he proceeded to take his sheep across, taking one by the horns and dragging it along, the others following as unconcernedly as if they were on a road twenty feet broad.

"There was some trouble with the cows, however, but here again the whip was successfully used, then he and his assistant went to work on the wagon. They had only four planks wherewith to floor that long bridge, but they managed it by laying them parallel, the same distance apart as were the wagon wheels, pushed the wagon forward until the fore wheels were on the ends of the two last planks, then they picked up the two that the wagon had just left, placed them in front, pushed the wagon on them and continued this process until the opposite bank was reached.

"There was a band of terrible desperadoes who frequented the vicinity of 'Wolf Pen,' and when we came in sight of the place, we beheld assembled a company of these men.

My heart sank within me, but Mr. Smith held tight to Gipsy's bridle.

"'Miss Sophy,' said he, 'all depends on you. Them men wouldn't listen to me, but bein' as you're a lady, perhaps you can keep them from troubling us an' save the mar.'

"Knowing that flight was impossible, I rode boldly up to the company and asked for the captain, and as soon as he appeared I told him Mrs. Blackwell's story, and that I was sure he would do all in his power to aid a lady in her distressed situation. I asked that he would tell his men that she requested all soldiers to be kind enough to look out for her husband, and if they met him, tell him where she was to be found.

"The captain assured us that he was very sorry to hear of Mrs. Blackwell's suffering, and that he and his men would use every exertion to find Mr. Blackwell.

"I thanked him, and seeing that neither he nor the other men seemed disposed to annoy us, wished him good-morning and rode off. We rejoiced greatly over our escape. Mr. Smith thought it wonderful, 'for,' he said, 'no one for months had passed that place unmolested, and the danger was, of course, greater when the desperadoes had the additional temptation of a fine young horse in as good order as Gipsy was.'

"During the day we were joined by a pa-

roled soldier, a relative of Mr. Smith's, and about dusk we stopped in front of a cabin where I asked a girl, who stood in the door, if we could spend the night there.

“‘No, you kaint,’ she replied, ‘kase thar’s to be a fly roun’ here to-night, an’ a heap o’ boys an’ gals is a comin’ tew hit, an’ thar won’t be room for yours.’

“‘What does she mean, Mr. Smith?’ I asked in an undertone. ‘What is a fly roun’?’

“‘It’s a daince,’ he replied, ‘an’ ef they’re agoin’ to have one in that little shebang, thar sutteleny won’t be no room for us an’ we’d better git.’

“When we had gone some little distance, the girl was heard whooping after us, but her words could not be distinguished.

“‘Let’s hold on a minute, Miss Sophy, an’ see what she’s arter,’ said Mr. Smith.

“Seeing that we had stopped, she ran half way towards us and screamed out, ‘Ef them two gentlemen wants to come to the fly roun’, they kin come.’

“Mr. Smith and his friend seemed to think this the greatest joke they had ever heard, for they sat down on the ground and roared with laughter, while the girl continued to shriek out her invitation. I asked Mr. Smith if he intended to spend the night on the ground.

“‘O Lord, Miss Sophy, o’ course not. But

to think o' that gal! Don't you *know* beaus is scace?"

"In a short time a house was found where there was no fly roun', and a resting place for the night was obtained.

"Just after I reached Athens the telegram that Lou had sent was received and in a few days we three were once more together."

Such was the story as told to me by Sophy, of her haps and mishaps, from the time of my leaving home to my return.

CHAPTER XV.

I WILL now return to the time when I reached Mr. Burton's house on the 24th of December, 1864. The next four days were spent in hunting up a team strong enough to carry a few of our belongings to our own home, and on the 30th of December we left the house of our kind friend, with many thanks for the shelter he had afforded us in our time of need.

We took with us two mattresses, and just enough household ware to meet our needs, also a shot gun, powder and shot. To save our horses from the thieves, who constantly passed in armed gangs, we put them in the smoke house, a strong log building, with only

one heavy door, across which we laced chains with cow-bells attached, so that if the door were tampered with in the night the ringing of the bells would wake us.

The parlor served as a kitchen, dining-room bedroom and parlor all in one, and from the back window the smoke-house door was visible, and as my pallet was laid under this window, I kept my little seven-shooter and the gun, the latter heavily loaded with buck-shot, close at hand, intending to kneel and shoot through the glass in case the chain was meddled with.

As Maria and I had to provide the wood we kept but one fire, which was really all that was needed, for our cooking consisted of one loaf of bread a day, which was baked in the oven on the hearth, our yeast being made from "Life everlasting," the wild immortelle, a very bitter plant.

Our provisions were flour, salt and yeast, absolutely nothing else—yet we were never stronger or in better health. Jane Miller, who lived with her parents in one of the out-houses, had two dogs that hunted rabbits very well, and she suggested that we try them some night for a possum, Jane saying that "Mrs. Smith had made pies with possum lard and they was powerful nice."

I was delighted with the idea of any break in our monotonous life, and eagerly consented

to her proposal. Maria would not go, so the party consisted of Jane Miller, Nancy Morris and myself. It was a dark night, and the ground was frozen as hard as a rock. We wrapped up warmly and at eight o'clock, after calling the dogs we set out, Jane a little in advance with the torch, Nancy following with a bundle of lightwood, split fine, and I with the axe and matches.

We turned down the lane and a few minutes walk brought us to what was called the "wet weather hollow." During the summer this place was dry, but in winter a small stream ran through it and at present, owing to recent heavy rains, was it unusually full, so that to reach the other side we had to "coon the fence" which crossed it. Jane, as torch bearer, started first and when she had reached the panel next to the opposite bank, Nancy was on the middle one, and I on the one next the bank we had just left, the stream being three fence-panels wide. Suddenly, a bough which Jane had bent rebounded with a jerk and, striking Nancy on the head, knocked off her bonnet, and her long, red hair falling from the comb, spread over her shoulders like a fiery mantle. She was so startled by the blow that she let the lightwood fall, and catching at it, the unsteady rail, on which she was perched, first teetered and then rolled off into the water

below, carrying her with it. The half-strangled squeal she gave so frightened Jane that she dropped the torch and we were left in darkness. Nancy sputtered and splashed and Jane, half crying, called out to me:

“Oh, do stop laifin, an’ set studdy, or you’ll fall an’ git the matches wet, an’ then whear’d we be? I wisht I hadn’t never come, so I do!”

Steadying myself as best I could on the rickety rail, I struck a match, and as soon as Jane had found the bundle of lightwood, we lit another torch. Nancy had already scrambled out, insisting that she would not go home but walk herself dry, so on we went.

We found no possum, but the dogs, after chasing a rabbit for some time, and making us run ourselves breathless trying to keep up with them, stopped at the foot of a hollow tree and barked and scratched at the opening with the greatest vehemence. Smoking and twisting were tried to no purpose; Bunny would not leave his hiding place, so the tree must be felled. As Nancy and Jane had done the twisting and smoking I took the axe and went to work on the tree. Nancy watched me for a few moments, then jumping up with a laugh, said :

“We’ll be till mornin’ if we wait on you; you’d better take the dogs an’ step back a

piece, 'cause when the tree falls they'll be sure to run under hit an' git hurt ef you don't hole 'em."

Calling the dogs I retreated a short distance and sat down with an arm around the neck of each, then looked on a scene such as I had never before witnessed, this being my first night hunt. The tree was in the centre of a small spot of ground, bare of anything but dead weeds and dried grass, but surrounded by a dense growth of underbrush, which by the flickering light of the fire looked like a gigantic wall.

Jane Miller sat on the ground with her hands clasped around her knees, her bonnet half off, her head slightly raised and her large dark eyes intently fixed on Nancy. Well might she look at her for so striking a figure is seldom seen. Her bonnet and shawl lay on the ground, her long, flame-colored hair was still spread over her shoulders and reached to her waist, and gleaming with every turn of her head. Six feet tall, with shoulders as broad and strong as a man's, and she plied her axe with the steady, vigorous stroke of an experienced woodsman. Presently was heard an ominous crack, crack, and the tree began to tremble.

"Git out o' the way, Jane!" exclaimed Nancy, stepping aside and leaning on the axe. "Git out o' the way, or you'll git a conk on

the head that'll keep you from ever havin' another headache."

Jane jumped up and ran just as the tree came down with a crash. The dogs jerked away from me, dashed among the yet shaking branches, and soon the poor little rabbit was dragged forth and killed. After securing our prize we set out on our way home but found that we were lost.

"Never mine," said Nancy, "let's keep agoin', we'll git somewhar or other." After walking aimlessly for a while we came to a road that looked familiar.

"I think," said I, "this is the road to Mr. Burton's; if so we must be near that Yankee's grave, and from there I can find the way."

At the word grave, Jane looked timidly around, and caught hold of Nancy.

"Let's look for it," said the latter.

"No indeed! I'll take to the woods first," cried Jane and she darted into the bushes.

As she carried the torch we were obliged to follow, and were just in time to see her give a tremendous bound over a little red clay hillock, drop the torch and dash back to us.

"It's HIT!" she screamed; "it's hit!"

"What is it?" questioned Nancy and I together.

"The grave! The grave!" she gasped. "Don't ye see hit!"

"Shet up!" said Nancy indignantly. "This

is twice you've put us in the dark to-night. It would sarve you right ef somethin' did ketch ye. You shaint tote the totch no more an' I don't kyur a bit ef ye do crack your shins agin the rocks an' stobs." With this she picked up the torch and whirling it 'round her head soon rekindled the flame.

Jane made no reply, but her eyes were dilated and she kept between us until the grave was out of sight. After this we hunted often at night and occasionally got a possum, which made an agreeable addition to our diet.

In the latter part of January my father came home. I thought he did not at all like our mode of living. Three rolls a day to which, in his case, was added morning and evening a cup of rye coffee without milk or sugar, was not a very strengthening diet, and he had come home on sick furlough to recruit.

Soon after his return he had a visit from one of his men who was also at home on furlough. The soldier had heard that the captain was living on dry bread, and as he had two sides of meat the captain must have one; so saying, he produced a small pig's side from a bag and gave it to my father. We were truly grateful for this act of generosity.

One day, my father, who had been to Mr. McDonald's, returned with a large piece of meat, carefully tied up in a bag. Mr. McDonald had been to Haralson county, had

brought back a load of beef, and had given my father a joint which lasted a long time, for we each ate but one small slice a day. During this time my brother stopped to see us, but he staid only three days, for we could barely feed him, and there was nothing but grass for his horse.

I remember that one day the mill, our only source for food, ground nothing and we had at home only just enough flour for one loaf of bread, which served us for breakfast and dinner. That afternoon as I sat on the front steps a woman with a white exhausted face, walked up and dropped on the step beside me.

"What is the matter?" I asked. "Are you sick?"

"No, not sick—hungry. Hain't ye got nothin' to give me to eat?"

The poor creature's face was pinched and haggard, and her eyes had a hungry, wistful look.

"I'm so sorry," I said, "but we ourselves have nothing to eat."

"Hain't ye got nothin' at the mill?"

"Nothing. The wheel has not turned to-day."

She looked straight forward, and clasping her hands said, in slow, hopeless tones: "Me nor my chillun ain't tasted bread for three weeks."

"For three weeks! How then have you lived?" I exclaimed.

"The dogs caught rabbits, an' we ate 'em."

"Why don't you eat rabbits now?"

"We kain't," she said with an expression of loathing. "They did well enough when we had salt to put on 'em, but the last o' hits been gone ten days, an' now the very sight or smell of a rabbit makes me vomit."

"I can give you a quart of salt," I said, "and if the mill ever grinds again, the flour will be shared with you."

"I'll take the salt, an' thank ye," replied she. "I had a plenty of everthing, but you know what Yankees is, an' they was at my house every day while Sherman was here. I'll send one o' the chillun to-morrow to see ef you git any flour."

The mill, a half mile away across the meadow, was directly opposite the house, and from my seat on the steps I could distinctly see the large overshot wheel, dry and motionless, but just as the sun was setting, a sheet of water poured, sparkling and flashing, over the wheel, then I heard the sound of the machinery, and the next day there was food for the poor woman as well as for ourselves.

There was a depot of supplies at Altoona, containing twenty thousand bushels of corn and some salt, to be distributed among the destitute. A list was made of these unfor-

tunates and presented to the court for inspection, being approved of after some delay, and sent to Altoona, but what became of the corn and salt we never knew.

Five miles from us, at "Salt Petre Cave," were the Nitre Works. These were reopened and our mill was promised the grinding of the corn and wheat for the workmen. When my father came home he had ridden one of Mr. Annandale's horses, and when it was sent back we wrote to Lou and Sophy to send us garden seed, for we had none nor had any one else.

When the messenger returned he brought letters and a full supply of seed, so with these and two bushels of Irish potatoes that Mr. Oldman had given us, an excellent garden was made. We bought some fowls, and then it was determined that I should cross the Etowah River and trade a quantity of wool that we had for some pigs or anything we needed that I could find, so one bright morning I started with the bale of wool in the oxcart, the driver being the only servant we had left.

As we drove off my father called to me to remember Moses, the son of the "Vicar of Wakefield," and that at present we had no need of a gross of green spectacles. I felt a little nettled but made no reply, determining in my own mind to be wonderfully sharp.

At the village I was met by an acquaintance who, wishing to cross the river, joined me. We crossed in a flat and spent the night with the lady who had been so kind to Janet and I when we went through the lines. The next day we went from house to house peddling, and in exchange for the wool and a large iron pot we had with us, I received three pigs, a quantity of bacon and some chickens.

On our return, the ox was so slow and the pigs such unsavory travelling companions we concluded to walk on ahead. When we had gone ten miles, as the sun having set and the stars beginning to peep out, we stopped at a house to rest and wait until the wagon came up, but it was pitch dark when we heard the pigs announcing its approach, then we walked the remaining five miles behind it, but on reaching home I ran ahead of the wagon, opened the door and announced that the green spectacles were there. They all came out with doubtful faces, which settled into very satisfied ones when the contents of the wagon had been examined.

About this time President Davis sent General Wofford to collect and organize the men who had come home to upper Georgia. Some of these were on furlough, others had left their commands to come to the assistance of their starving families, and still others were

desperadoes who called themselves scouts but were, in fact, thieves of the most reckless kind.

Fortunately the country around us had been left so desolate that these men could not obtain food either for themselves or horses. They came to our house but once ; my father ordered them off and when they saw the captain's bars on his coat, they sulkily obeyed. We thought they had left the place but in the morning found they had gone to the miller's house, ordered his wife to cook supper and as soon as they had eaten it coolly took possession of the beds, leaving the miller and his family to sleep on the floor or to sit up all night by the fire.

General Wofford soon brought these men into order, but we had been so alarmed by their lawlessness and fearing for our horses, we turned the kitchen into a stable, nailed up the outer door and led the horses in through the house every night.

One morning Maria came flying in with the announcement that "one of the hens had laid a beautiful white egg!" It was looked upon with admiring curiosity, for an egg had not been seen for months, but, unfortunately, the minks got into the poultry house and killed all the hens, leaving the poor rooster desolate and alone ; so we nailed up the holes in the house and bought some more

hens. We also added to our stock of pigs, wretched, piney-woods swine they were, of the kind that takes two to make a shadow, and that can climb a stooping tree in an emergency but still better than none.

* * * * *

Sorry enough were we when Gipsy had to plow, but true to her docile, Morgan blood the brave little mare did not mind it, but went as deliberately to work as an old horse would have done, although a collar had never crossed her neck until the day she was fastened to the plow.

As she went up and down the rows, passing us as we dropped the corn, she would whinny until we patted her, then look into our faces with her clear, honest, brown eyes as if to ask what it all meant, and why she was being handled by a man, for she was so accustomed to us, she would not let a man touch her if she could help it. When out in the pasture, she was to be caught only after a long chase unless one of us whistled for her, then she would come as obediently as a dog.

I have seen her surrounded by a dozen mites of children pulling at her mane, running under her, patting her sides, plaiting her tail, making her "shake hands," or sharing their luncheon with her, and always she

was as gentle and careful not to hurt them as a big Newfoundland might be. Good, faithful Gipsy! There never lived a truer friend than you, and when death came you were mourned as one well beloved.

* * * * *

I cannot tell you how we felt when the news of the surrender of Johnson's and Lee's armies came. Added to the humiliation of being conquered was the horrible idea of living under the government of a people who, in the past twelve months, had taught us so many bitter lessons. We wished to leave America but, as my father said, "our property now was in land alone,—there was no money,—it was impossible, and we must summon up our fortitude to make the best of it."

No man, not even a Confederate, can appreciate why submission was easier for the men than for the women of the Confederacy. They had fought a good fight, and when the end came, they could look back on duty well done ; but we had simply to suffer. We saw deeds of cold-blooded, deliberate cruelty done either to ourselves, our families, or our friends, and there was no help. Previous to the war there did not exist a race of women so tenderly cared for as the women of the South. That chivalry—the derision of those who

could not comprehend it—was our guard and protection. It stood between us and all harm; it taught that the strong should protect the weak; the brave, the timid.

By the fortune of war we experienced the tender mercies of men who scorned these doctrines and who shamed not to battle with women; fighting, it is true, not often with blows—which perhaps would have been more merciful—but with starvation and the torch. By the light of their burning homes, Southern women saw their children die of cold and hunger, and they heard the incendiaries laugh as they quoted the words of one of their leaders: “The seed of the serpent must be crushed from the land.” Are these things easily forgotten?

* * * * *

On the 12th of May, 1865, at the village of Kingston, General Wofford, with seven thousand men, surrendered to General Judah of the Federal army. The prisoners were paroled and dismissed with the necessary rations, everything being done in the quietest and most orderly manner. One or two acts of rudeness were promptly punished, and it is but justice to say that the Federal officers and soldiers generally, on this occasion, behaved well. General Wofford staid with us, General Judah camped at the spring while

the terms of the surrender were arranged in our parlor.

From the window upstairs we saw Prince Salm-Salm, afterwards of Mexican notoriety. A short, common-looking, fair-haired, blue-eyed, yellow-skinned German he was, but as we did not come downstairs we did not hear his Highness' voice, nor had my mother that honor until he thanked her in tolerably good English for the tremendous big breakfast he had eaten.

The Texan to whom Sophy had promised a suit of clothes was among the men paroled and came to claim the fulfilment of the promise. The soldier, who, on the 18th of May the year before, had asked me to keep a package of hospital sheets for him, on the anniversary of that day returned and asked for his package, which was forthcoming untouched.

CHAPTER XVI.

IT was not until after the surrender that I heard of the fate of the two scouts, Martin and Hutchinson, to whom Miss Patsy Green carried the clothes. Martin escaped in safety, but not so with Hutchinson, as I was told some years after, by his widowed mother, the particulars of the death of this, her only son.

MRS. HUTCHINSON'S STORY.

"We lived near the railroad and there was a Yankee killed not far from my house, so then General Vandever, who was in command with headquarters at Rome, issued an order that 'all who lived in three miles o' the road, was to leave.' This was a cruel, hard order for we hadn't no way o' moving our things unless we carried them in our hands, an' the Yankees wouldn't move 'em fur us.

"One o' my neighbor's had a ox wagin, an' he moved two trunks full o' things fur me, but he hadn't time to do no more. I couldn't bar to leave the things I'd worked so hard to earn, for I knowed ef they was hard to come by afore, when times was good, it would be a heap harder, once I lost 'em, an' the country so full o' Yankees; so I spread a sheet on the floor, an' put a feather bed on it, an' six double-wove coverleds, an' uverthing else I could cram in, an' tied it up an' put it on my head. If I hadn't a been excited I never could a lifted sich a load, much less a put it on my head, but I done it then an' walked to the top o' the hill.

"When I got thar my breath was clean gone, an' I thought I'd never fetch another. Well, I rested a spell an' felt better, but I couldn't carry that bundle by myself no more; so as there was two girls with me, I run a

rail through the tie o' the bundle, an' they tuck one end an' me the t'other. We went three miles that a way, an' when we stopped my hip wa's black an' blue, an' there come a risin' on it that crippled me for a long time.

"It was while I was a cripple an' driv from home that my son come across the lines. He was one o' the ten scouts that Miss Sophy saw at the burnt house, an' them ten men was in the house sixteen days before uver they could git a chance to cross agin. This was when Sherman was a lookin' for Hood, and the scouts was sent to find out Sherman's movements.

"Well, they all got safe across, an' Martin, he found he had to come back, an' my son come with him. It was a mighty hard thing to do, because the Etowah river was the line, an' all the fords was guarded close, but they done it, for my boy knowed uver' foot o' river bank an' nuther him nor Martin was afyurd o' anything. They knowed the risk, an' knowed they'd have to hide out in the bushes as they'd done afore, with only the chance o' the women's bein' able to dodge the Yankees an' bring 'em their vittals at night.

"It was night when them two, an' another scout named Nichols, come to my house, an' when I saw my boy a cold chill come over me. 'Oh, my son!' I says, 'what made you come back? You'll never cross that river alive agin.'

“‘Yes, I will, mother,’ says he, jist as cheerful as could be. ‘Never you fear; I seed the Yankees a robbin’ an’ a plunderin’ our house an’ turnin’ you out o’ doors, an’ me not able to help you, an’ I couldn’t go away till I seen you once more an’ knowed how you was agoin’ to live.’

“Well, I didn’t say no more, because I didn’t want to put him out o’ heart, but I felt I was seein’ the last o’ my child. We give ‘em to eat o’ the best we had, which was poor enough, but they was nigh famished an’ eat hearty. When they was done my boy took out his pocketbook, an’ says he then:

“‘Mother, there’s a heap o’ papers in there an’ some Confederate money. I wish you’d take all the papers out except my pass from the Captain, leave that an’ the money an’ put the papers away. If uver I come back they’ll be o’ use to me, an’ ef I don’t you’ll want ‘em to remember me by.’

“The pass ‘lowed him to go to Alabama, whar my daughter lived, whar he was to get another horse. I went an’ got my own pocketbook an’ I put his pass an’ money in it, an’ give it to him an’ kep his own instead. There was eighty dollars in Confederate bills in the book, but it didn’t all belong to him, for he was takin’ it out to the men in his company. Their wives sent it ‘cause it wasn’t o’

no use to them here among the Yankees, an' it would be to the men.

"My boy's halter was worn out an' I give him a nice, new one. He didn't put it on his bridle but wrapt it roun' an' roun' his waist an' tied it, an' then they said good-by an' left. They hadn't been gone more'n a hour an' a half, when Martin an' Nichols come back. They said my boy was captured, or killed, or had crossed the river.

"For all the woods was so thick with Yankees, they'd gone on without seein' one. They was ridin' one behind the other, an' my boy was in front, an' when they got opposite the gin-house, which was close to whar they was to cross, somebody in it halted 'em an' my son fired at the house an' dashed past t'wards the ford. The other two knowin' they couldn't cross after what had happened, separated an' run different ways, as they thought the Yankees had seen their tracks an' hid in the gin-house to ketch 'em as they went back.

"My house, because o' the Yankees, wasn't no place for Nichols an' Martin, so we sent 'em to Mr. Oldman's, knowin' he'd be good to 'em, an' besides, it was the safest place any where abouts.

"The pain in my hip was terrible, but I forgot it, thinkin' about my boy, for I knowed he were either a prisoner or dead. Seven long, dreadful days an' nights went by an' we

hadn't heard nothin', but on the eighth day, between sunset an' dark, a Yankee come an' knocked at the door. We was surprised to see one of 'em at that hour, for you know they was always afraid to go to our houses except in the broad daylight, an' then they didn't often knock but jist walk in.

"My boy had told us to be civil to 'em, so we asked him in, an' he come an' took a chair, then asked all sorts o' questions. 'Did I have a son, an' what was his name; did I have a daughter, an' did she live in Alabama, an' what was her name.' We answered him polite, but he looked restless an' uneasy, an' didn't stay but a few minutes, but went to another house where a neighbor was livin'. He didn't stay thar long nuther, but come out an' leant on the fence. Then the neighbor come to my house an' tole me that he had said 'there was a man found drowned in the river, an' from the answers we'd give his questions he believed the drowned man was my son, an' he give her five dollars an' twenty cents in Confederate money an' said it was his share o' what had been found in the pocketbook.' He said he 'hadn't the heart to come an' tell me himself.'"

The poor woman paused a moment, then covering her face with her apron sobbed out, "Oh, my boy, my boy! You was so good, an' so brave, an' so gentle! An',

though I say it, no better man than you ever lived."

After a time she removed her apron, choked down her sobs and continued:

"I was too crippled to walk alone, but I asked my neighbor to give me my crutch an' to help me ask for my child. They helped me. When I got to the gate whar the Yankee stood, I fell down at his feet, an' put my hand on his knee, an' begged him—for God's sake! to give me back my boy. It wasn't much for a mother to ask for her dead child, an' he said I 'should have my boy, for he would get a permit from the Captain to let me go an' git him.'

"He kep' his word, an' come next mornin' with the permit an' twelve men for a guard. We got a ox-cart, an' some o' the neighbors went with me to where they'd buried him in a shallow grave in the sand, close down to the water's edge, an' they took him up, an' we carried him to the church, an' I bathed him an' dressed him myself. They didn't want me to do it, but I would, for I felt that his mother's hands should be the last that touched him.

"His head was crushed an' bloody, an' his chest was bruised an' broken, an' his hands was tied with the halter I'd give him. They said they'd 'found him lying across a log,' but you know it wasn't so, for if he had been in

the water it would a washed his hat away, an' he was buried with it drawed down over his face. They wanted me to believe that he'd struck agin a limb that hung over the road, that night he charged past the gin-house, an' was stunned an' fell off in the water. But that couldn't be, for when I bathed him his limbs was supple, an' the blood flowed from the bruises on his arm, an' that couldn't have happened ef he'd been dead for seven days. I think they captured him, an' tried to make him tell on his companions, an' when he wouldn't, as I know he wouldn't, I believe they beat him to death.

"We hadn't any coffin, nor anything to make one of, but just only a box, an' such nails as we could draw out o' the walls. When all was ready, they laid him in the cart, six o' the Yankees rode on one side and six on the other, an' I rode behind, and the neighbors walked beside me.

"A company o' Yankees met us, an' they cursed us, an' cursed my dead boy, an' wanted to stop us, but the guard showed the permit an' they was forced to let us alone. An' so with them curses yet ringin' in the air, my child was put into his grave. Oh, it was hard! Not even to bury my dead in peace."

Mrs. Hutchinson's story affected me greatly and often, to this day, I think of her sad trials.

CHAPTER XVII.

NOT long after hearing Mrs. Hutchinson's story, I was in Cassville for the first time since passing through it on the afternoon of the 24th of December, 1864. Then the ruins were not two months old, and solitary chimneys, blackened walls, and bits of charred timber showed how recent the devastation had been, but at this time a few of the inhabitants had returned, and were living in such houses as their scanty means had enabled them to build.

Most of the chimneys had fallen or been removed, while the ground around them was green with wheat and clover. Many small, reddish yellow mounds were visible, with here and there an entire brick lying near by, and showing what the mound once was. The luxuriant growth of the past years had nearly obliterated the incendiaries track but from the soil only, for in the memory of those whose homes were burnt before their faces, it was as distinct as when first made. The eyes of the lady we visited flashed as she spoke of the memorable fall and summer of 1864.

"There was," she said, "an especial spite against Cassville, because of its change of name. When the war began it was the county town of Cass County, but after our

victory at Manassas the county was named Bartow, and the town Manassas."

"Were you at home when the Yankees came?" I asked.

"No," she replied. "We were at Cartersville. We intended remaining at home until the expected battle should be over, but finding that our house was between the two armies and would be exposed to the fire of both, we left in such haste that we carried nothing but the clothes we were then wearing. I stood all night at the gate watching the army; at last we saw that it was certainly retreating. My father wished my two elder sisters to go out with some friends, and intended himself to return with my mother and the younger children to Cassville. My sisters left with our friends, expecting that I would follow in a few minutes, but I told my father that I would not leave my mother, and we implored him to go on with the Confederates, for we knew to what indignities he would be subjected if he remained. At length he yielded to our persuasions and left with our retreating army; my mother and I with the younger children, walking back to our home.

"It is scarcely necessary for me to describe the condition in which we found it, for it presented the appearance common to all houses which had been looted by the Yankees, but not actually destroyed. Not one of us had a

change of clothing left, and among the rubbish composed of broken furniture, fragments of glass, china and books, shreds of clothing and bed linen, we discovered two sheets and one table cloth not torn past mending. Of the table cloth I made six towels, but the Yankees stole them from the tub, so I had my work for nothing.

“I found an old faded calico dress which they had thought beneath their notice, and had only wiped their muddy feet on. I washed it and was delighted to find it in tolerably good repair; so this, with an old muslin, from which they had torn the flounces, constituted my wardrobe, for I gave my mother the dress I had escaped in, as it was a very nice one.”

“Had you any provisions?” was asked.

“Not in the house, but we had a quantity of wheat stored in the business part of the town, and when the Yankees were taking it, my mother went with my little brothers and making several trips to and from the store-house, succeeded in saving some bushels.”

“Was there a mill near by?”

“No, the nearest mill was fifteen miles away, and it cost us a thirty mile walk every time we went.”

“But you did not yourself carry the grain that distance?” I asked.

“Oh, no! We had a dilapidated buggy and a condemned horse. Several families

would club forces, load the buggy with all the wheat they could get, and then we walked and drove our scarecrow, which hobbled along after a fashion. We always went ourselves, for if we sent the boys alone, the Yankees would be sure to take whatever they had. There were only three men left in the town, and they were very old — past seventy. The Yankees paid even less respect to them than to the boys.

“Lieutenant Alden, the Commissary at Kingston, was very kind to us, for knowing our destitute condition and that my father was a Mason, he sent us provisions whenever an opportunity occurred, and from any of the women he bought berries or other fruit, much more than he had any use for, and paid them double the value in provisions.

“In the summer a squad of Yankees, who were camping in the college grounds, were one night surprised and captured, one of them being killed in the fight, but we knew nothing of the occurrence till next morning when some passing Yankees found their dead comrade. They promptly fired the college buildings, and coming on to our house, which was the nearest one, declared they meant to burn it also, and would, had not my little sisters run to an officer who was passing and begged him to protect us. He seemed much affected by their terror, he having two little girls of his

own at home, 'for whose sakes,' he said, 'the house should be saved.' Then he sent the men away.

"Occasionally our scouts came through the town and once a regiment of Yankees had just passed, when four Confederates appeared following them. One was in advance of the other three, and while the Yankees were crossing the hill he galloped towards them and fired. I suppose they thought a large body of Confederates were near, for they retreated to the next hill and forming in line held that position for several hours.

"The scout rode into our yard and sat on his horse in full sight of the Yankees, laughing and talking as coolly as if there were never a one in Georgia.

"An order was issued that all the women should leave the town and go at least three miles into the country. This order was enforced except in the case of three families, who, it was said, were allowed to remain because they promised not to feed or aid the scouts in any way. We went only two miles, and the Commandant at Kingston—I think it was Colonel Dean—said he 'would not measure the distance.'

"After an absence of a week, finding that the house was not burned, we returned without permission and were allowed to remain. Others did as we had done, some were

as fortunate, but others were ordered back. One lady, I remember, had brought a load of furniture to her home, and was bringing another when the Yankees met her and ordered her back; but she watched for a chance and when they were away, came in and took possession of her house where she was suffered to stay until the town was burned."

"When did that happen?" I asked.

"On the 5th of November, I think."

"Was it done by order, or by stragglers?"

"It was burned by the Fifth Ohio cavalry commanded by Colonel Heath and Major Thomas. Colonel Heath said that 'Sherman's orders were that not a house, except the churches should be left within the limits of the incorporation.' He did not show the order though.

"I begged him not to burn our house as it was beyond the limits, and he could spare it without disobeying orders. He asked me if I had a 'Union flag?' I told him 'I had not, nor did I believe there was one in the place.'

"'Then,' said he, 'if one is given you, will you raise it over your house?'

"'No,' I said, 'I love my home and God only knows what will become of us if you burn it, but I will rather lose it than keep it by such dishonorable means.'

"He would not say that the house was not to be burned, but he did spare it and

three others in which there were sickness, and he said that 'rather than execute another such order he would resign.'"

"Had you any food?" was my next question.

"Do you mean on the day of the burning?" she asked.

"Yes," I replied.

"I will tell you. There were in our house my mother, a lady friend, myself and six children. That morning there was flour enough to make one large biscuit. My mother rolled the dough out as thin as possible and when it was baked, divided it among the children and we three tasted no food that day. The terrible excitement kept us up. I staid down among the burning houses helping our friends save all that could be saved that the Yankees did not take themselves.

"Colonel Heath promised a lady whose house was on the corner and rather isolated, that if it did not catch from the other buildings it should not be burned. It caught once or twice and her daughter put it out, then a private came and set it on fire. She again put it out, and told him what Colonel Heath had said. He did not reply, but walked off and in a few moments returned with a bottle of turpentine which he emptied on the floor and touched with his torch. In an instant the room was in flames and all further effort hopeless.

“That night as I was standing with a party of friends around a fire in the street, I suddenly remembered that I had eaten nothing that day and felt ravenously hungry. A little boy, the son of the lady I had been helping, sidled up to me and softly pulling my dress to attract my attention, slipped two biscuits into my hand. His little fingers were grimy with the smoke and cinders that had been flying about, and with his frequent handling the biscuits were nearly black, but they were far too precious for one to think of such a small matter as dirt. I declare I felt perfectly hysterical when I saw the food, and the hardest struggle I ever had with myself was to refrain from eating it. But I did refrain and ran home to feed the children before hunger should make me break my resolution. That night I ate two little watery potatoes that were given me.”

“Had you any food the next day?” I asked.

“Yes, we had a bushel of wheat at the mill which the boys were after. They were on their way home when they saw the smoke and hiding the horse and buggy in the woods, came home late at night; then in the morning they went back and found everything safe. Colonel Heath promised to send us provisions, but he did not. Perhaps he could not.”

“How did the women generally behave?” was my next question.

“With the greatest composure. Some made no attempt to save anything, but, with the reckless calm of desperation, sat quietly and watched their homes go up in smoke. Sherman’s motives seemed to be the pleasure he derived from torturing women and children. There could be no other motive, for the town was two miles from the railroad and contained no buildings of importance, and he well knew every circumstance connected with that little town. How he must have rejoiced that dismal, sleety November night, when he thought of the helpless women and children who were spending it under a sky as pitiless as himself! We did not need the battery he sent to keep us quiet while his men did their devil’s work that day, but perhaps he thought we would resist and in that event the cannon would save all further trouble.”

* * * * *

I asked another lady, whose house had been burned, “what the Yankees said when she was notified that the order was to be executed.”

“I heard the horses’ hoofs,” she said, “and went to the door and as I opened it, a party of them drew up at the gate.

“‘Do you live here?’ asked one. I said ‘I did.’

“‘Then get your things out as fast as you

can,' he said, 'for in twenty minutes your house will be in a blaze.'

"Where shall I put them?" I asked, as he turned to leave.

"On the other side of the street, out of the way of the fire," he replied, galloping away after his companions.

"We went to work at once and moved the furniture across the street, two privates helping us, and all was done that we could do in the hour before the firing party got to us. There was a quantity of forage for the cows stored in the second story, and piles of this was placed in two rooms, the doors and windows opened so that the draught would be good, the torch applied, and in a few minutes the entire building was in flames."

"Where did you spend the night?" I asked.

"Like all the others, out in the street," she replied.

"But why did you not go into the churches?"

"Because we could not carry what we had saved so far, and there were so many Yankees prowling about, picking up whatever they fancied. We were afraid to leave what little was left us."

"Had you no shelter at all?" I asked.

"None but what we made for the children. We leaned planks against the graveyard fence, spread blankets on them, and made

beds underneath them for the children. They slept, but my sister and I sat up to watch the cows which we had shut up in the stable."

"Since your stable was not burned why did you not seek shelter in that?" I inquired.

"Because we were afraid the Yankees would burn it over our heads. We preferred staying out in the sleet and rain, which fell throughout the night, to trusting to Yankee mercy."

"Did you ask why the town was burned?"

"Yes. The men said there was no reason but 'orders,' and these they were *not* sorry to execute."

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN the summer of 1865 we were all at home again, where we heard from Janet and Nelly the story of Sherman's occupation of Savannah. Janet at that time had a place in a hospital, and was able to see and thoroughly understand the horrible condition in which our poor men were landed by the boats that brought them from the North.

Ten thousand were expected, but I believe not more than three thousand came, arriving on Saturday, November 12th, 1864, while we were still at Montgomery. Janet did not enter regularly upon her duties until after

Lou and I had left Savannah, which was on December 10th of the same year.

The prisoners were carried to Hospitals Nos. 1 and 2, to the "Wayside Home," and to the "Firemen's Hall," and all that could not be accommodated in these buildings were received into private families. Nearly every woman in the city went to the wharves to meet them, each one eager to aid these poor tortured wrecks of humanity. The condition of the men being horrible to an extreme, scarcely looking human, nearly naked, covered with vermin and festering sores, blind and lame, many dead or dying—these heroes were received with earnest, venerating sympathy. It was thought an honor to be allowed to nurse them.

When the city was evacuated, three had to be left, the others had died or managed to hobble along with the Confederates. It was a rule in the hospital that patients should not draw the covering over their faces for, hidden in this way, to satisfy the cravings of their half-starved bodies, they would eat improper food.

The day the Yankees entered the city the Matron of the Firemen's Hall Hospital, to which Janet belonged, saw one of these men draw the sheet over his head.

"Simmons," she said, "don't you know it is against the rules to cover your head?"

On removing the bed-clothes, she found in his hand not food, but an open knife.

"What are you going to do with that knife?" she asked. The expression of his face told her even before he replied.

"I will kill myself rather than fall into Yankee hands again. My sufferings were too terrible and I will not endure a repetition."

The knife was taken from him. It is not easy to believe that in a civilized country men of the highest rank deliberately inflicted upon helpless prisoners, tortures so horrible as to make them prefer suicide to life in their hands, yet the facts prove this to be true.

The Confederate authorities tried again and again, in vain, to effect an exchange of prisoners, and upon this subject, Vice President Alexander H. Stephens, says, in the twenty-second chapter of his book, entitled "The War Between The States :

". . . But the great question in the matter is, upon whom rests the tremendous responsibility of all this sacrifice of human life with all its indescribable miseries and sufferings. The facts beyond question or doubt show that it rests *entirely* upon the authorities in Washington. It is now well understood to have been their settled policy in conducting the war, not to exchange prisoners. The grounds upon which this extraordinary

course was adopted were, that it was humanity to the men in the field on their side, to let their captured comrades perish in prison rather than to let an equal number of Confederate soldiers be released on exchange to meet them in battle. Upon the Federal authorities, and upon them only, with this policy as their excuse, rests the whole of this responsibility. . . .”

Strange, is it not, that the two peoples, subject to the same civilizing influences, with the exception of slavery, living for so many years under one government, and in such constant and intimate association, should yet differ so widely in their understanding of what is cruel or humane.

Listen to what President Davis said, after enumerating the outrages upon noncombatants, women and children, of which the Federal troops, by command of their Government had been guilty.

“. . . All these outrages must remain unavenged except by the universal reprehension of mankind. In all cases where the actual perpetrators of the wrongs escape capture, they admit of no retaliation. The humanity of our people would shrink instinctively from the bare idea of urging alike war upon the sick, the women and the children of an enemy. . . .”



On the 14th of December, Janet writes in her diary of the fall of Fort McAllister. On Tuesday the 16th she drove with Mr. Annandale to Beaulieu and saw seven Yankee gun-boats. Two were near the Beaulieu Battery, and when they had gone on to Montgomery, a half mile distant, they saw the largest of these boats drop two shells into the battery they had just left. On Monday, December 19th, she writes:

"It has come at last. The town will be evacuated to-morrow. My poor father has come in jaded and worn out. Nelly and I have packed up everything for him and he has gone to Whitmarsh to spike the guns. Mr. Annandale had a few hours leave of absence last night and came home. His corps has not yet received orders to leave."

Tuesday, Dec. 20th. "Orders for the corps came to-day. Last night at eleven o'clock, father came in with his battalion. All the clothing and blankets at the Firemen's Hall Hospital were given to me, the battalion was ordered round, and I gave out the articles to the men myself. Father left us at three this morning. In his feeble condition I am glad to know that he has secured a mule and will not have to walk.

"At ten Nelly and I went to the Signal Corps office with Mr. Annandale. We intended to stay just long enough to say good-by,

but we found the men busy burning despatches and, offering to assist them, remained until three in the afternoon.

"There were many things in the office that we would have been glad to take, but we did not like to ask for them, so suppose the Yankees got them. Much to Nell's amusement I brought away a little glass salt-cellar. She calls it my 'sentiment.' While in the office a huge demijohn, carboy, I believe they called it, of some horrible explosive stuff was brought downstairs, and every one ran as it approached. We wanted to see it, but were promptly ordered away; so watching from the balcony we saw its bearers throw it over the bluff, then run as blasters do when they have lit the fuse. As it struck the water it exploded harmlessly.

"The Signal Corps left at three o'clock on the Jeff Davis, and the men seemed delighted at the prospect of active service. Nelly and I went home to prepare for the Yankees, but knowing that we should be short of funds and remembering our old nurse's favorite rhyme,—

"'Ingin pudden an' punkin pie,
Make dem Yankees jump sky high,'

we bought three pumpkins for twelve dollars in Confederate money, intending to verify the rhyme. The rest of our money we spent for tobacco, which we knew would be salable."

Wednesday, Dec. 21st. "This morning I

was startled at six o'clock by hearing that the Yankees were in the market. I had barely time to dress and run downstairs, when a heavy column came from the depot down the street.

"An aid, who gave his name as William Wright, came to the house and asked for quarters for General Barnum, but I told him there were only women and children in the house, and asked him to find quarters elsewhere. He was civil, but still insisted on taking the rooms. Then Nelly said: 'There are eight children here, all under five years of age. I don't think you would find a stay in this house very pleasant.'

"Good God!" he cried, throwing up his hands. 'Eight under five! I'll go *anywhere* else!'

"To be rid of him we directed him to a vacant house across the street, of which he at once took possession.

"There were really eight little children at the house: Nelly's two, Mary Randolph's two and four negro babies downstairs.

"The back gate was twice broken open by officers coming to examine the stables, so Nelly ran across to General Barnum's office, and asked Lieutenant Wright to come to our assistance. He returned with her, sent the men away, and gave us a permanent guard. General Barnum has appropriated the stables. So far nothing has been stolen but the turkeys."

Thursday, Dec. 22d. "To-day two hundred Confederate prisoners were halted opposite our house. They looked tired and hungry, and we determined to feed them. It was about dinner time and quickly all the dinners in the neighborhood were collected, but how to get the food to the men was a question, for a review or something of the kind had been going on, and the Yankees were in line down the middle of the street, between our house and our men, and well did we know that the trays of food would be emptied before we could cross. Nelly and Miss Moodie went to General Barnum's office to ask to whom must we apply for permission to feed the Confederates, and for a guard to protect the food.

"The orderly rudely directed them to Captain Wilson, one of Barnum's staff, but he was roughly indifferent to their request. Finally Lieutenant Wright came and told Nelly that she must apply to the 'Captain of the guard.' They found this officer far down the street, and Nelly politely invited him to dinner. He looked at her in astonishment as she repeated the invitation which, after carefully arranging his weapons, he accepted; then they brought him to the dining-room, gave him a good dinner and some wine.

"'Do you know why we invited you to dine?' asked Nelly.

“‘Because you like us, I suppose,’ he replied.

“‘No, indeed!’ she exclaimed. ‘We hate you as all good Confederates should!’

“‘Then what made you ask me to dinner?’ he inquired with an astonished and naturally resentful face.

“‘Because,’ she replied, ‘you are the captain of the guard, and now that we’ve fed you, our enemy, you cannot refuse to let us feed our friends, the Confederate prisoners.’

“‘That’s so,’ he answered, looking rather confused and rising.

“‘But you must give us a guard,’ continued Nelly, ‘for you know if you do not, your men will empty the trays before we get half across the street.’

“Nelly and Miss Moodie went with him and after a while returned with a guard of fifteen Yankees. The servants carried the trays, each tray having a guard of two men besides a woman, the latter to see that they did their duty. As we crossed through the line of Yankee troops, brown paws darted over the guard’s shoulders, snatched at the food, and not one hand went back empty. We demanded of the guards to do their duty; then they shoved the men back with their bayonets. Our poor fellows were nearly starved, but waited patiently and quietly to be helped. Hungry as they were, there was no snatching or pawing, although they saw that

the supply of food we had brought was not half enough."

Friday, Dec. 23d. "The prisoners were marched by again to-day, but this time they did not stop, so our two little cousins were sent to them with water, the boys running along the line until all had been helped. While they were passing, Nelly threw open the window and we waved our handkerchiefs to them, calling out: 'God bless you! Good-by.'

"This afternoon a Confederate officer came to the door. He was one of the prisoners who had passed in the morning. We learned that he was on parole, a Kentuckian, and a perfect stranger in Savannah.

"I know no one," he said, "but from your spirited conduct this morning, I thought it likely, for the sake of the cause, you could tell me where I had best go."

"He is with us now, for, of course, Nelly at once asked him to stay."

"Nelly's sister-in-law, Mrs. Randolph, and her aunt, Miss Moodie, were living in the same house with Nelly and Janet at this time."

Saturday, Dec. 24th. "Mary Randolph's carriage was taken to-day by General Barnum. We had thought it quite safe, for on the day of the evacuation, all the men-servants having been sent away, and the women being crazy with excitement, Mary had taken off one of

the wheels, rolled it up four flights of stairs and hid it in the garret. General Barnum heard of the carriage from his grooms, who are forever in our stable, and sent to Mary for it, but she refused to let him have it though he sent again and again. At length, fearing he would take the guard from us, or make his grooms annoy us even more than they now were, she let him have the use of it on condition that he supplied her with fresh beef."

Sunday, Dec. 25th. "Went to the hospital as usual. As Mr. Coly has not yet returned, Christ Church was closed, but St. John's was open and filled to overflowing. The rector, Mr. McRae, was assisted by a Yankee chaplain and many of the communicants left without partaking of the sacrament. This has been a sorrowful Christmas day."

Monday, Dec. 26th. "General Barnum declares he made no agreement to supply Mary with fresh meat, and professes to be much shocked at her presumption in asking him to fulfil such an agreement. And so after much discussion, for he has been here himself, she has succeeded in recovering her carriage."

Tuesday, Dec. 27th. "The Yankees did not 'jump sky high,' but they have bought all the pies we made and we have cleared fifteen dollars in greenbacks. Through the

guard we exchanged tobacco for sugar to put in the pies, and the servants sold them. Only one tray full of cakes has been stolen from us. But two of our little cousins having an ill mother, and their servants having all left, determined to surprise her with some green-backs, so they made some cakes, and sending their little brother out to sell them, stood at the window to watch the progress of affairs. The Yankees threw the boy down, ate the cakes, and beat the tray to pieces.

“Nelly’s cow gives more milk than we need, so she sells the surplus. A dirty looking private came to buy some, and she told him it was one dollar a quart. He scowled at her and replied: ‘The orders is to put everybody in jail who sells milk at more than fifty cents a quart.’

“‘I don’t believe you,’ Nelly said. ‘If you do not want to pay my price, you can’t get the milk. You must go away, or I will call the guard.’ At mention of the guard he walked off muttering.

“Many ladies are selling their ball dresses and cast-off finery to the negro women, one of our friends having sold an old silk for one hundred dollars. The Yankees and negroes appear to be on the most intimate terms,—a perfect equality prevails.”



In a letter to the Secretary of War, dated Jan. 2d, 1865, Sherman says:

" . . . Mr. Barclay, former consul at New York, representing Mr. Molyneux, former consul, but absent, called on me in person with reference to cotton claims by English subjects. He seemed amazed when I told him I should pay no respect to consular certificates ; and that in no event would I treat an English subject with more favor than one of our own deluded citizens ; and that for my own part, I was unwilling to fight for cotton for the benefit of Englishmen openly engaged in smuggling arms and munitions of war to kill us ; that, on the contrary, it would afford me great satisfaction to conduct my army to Nassau and wipe out that nest of pirates.

"I explained to him, however, that I was not a diplomatic agent of the United States ; but that my opinion, so frankly expressed, was that of a soldier, which it would be well for him to heed. It appeared also that he owned a plantation on the line of investment to Savannah, which, of course, is destroyed, and for which he expects me to give him some certificate entitling him to indemnification, but which I declined emphatically."

The Christian spirit of the English in patiently submitting to Yankee impertinence is truly wonderful. I know they are a phlegmatic people, and might not think such small

matters of consequence. The Yankees told us many times they could not insult them enough to make them fight. Here is a case in point.

Miss Moodie is a relative of Mr. Molyneux, the British consul, and a few days after the occupation of Savannah, the housekeeper, who was left in charge of the Molyneux house, came to her with a piteous tale.

“Oh, mem,” she said, “the Yankees is in the house, and they’re the most accomplished thaves and robbers that iver ware, an’ they’ve slapped me poor son’s jaws, an’ I daren’t open me mouth.”

She then gave an account of such wholesale plundering that Miss Moodie and her sister went to the house of which General Howard had taken possession. The British flag, which had been flying from a staff erected in the yard, had been torn down and spread on the floor as a rug, the Yankees wiping their feet on it as they went in and out while the Yankee flag occupied its place.

General Howard received the two ladies with great politeness, expressed surprise and annoyance at the plundering, and assured them that he would so station guards that nothing more could be taken.

In a few days the housekeeper came again to say that the stealing was as bad as ever. “The wine closet,” she said, “was nailed up and a

guard stationed in front of it, but when wine was wanted the nails were drawn, as much was taken as was desired, then the farce of nailing up gone over again."

Miss Moodie made another visit, and this time Nelly went with her. General Howard was out, so they did not see him.

Many more articles disappeared. In the scullery the marble basin was cracked and broken, and the floor chipped as if wood had been split upon it, and the china closet was empty. Indeed, General Barry, who succeeded General Howard, complained that not enough china could be found to set a decent table.

After General Howard left, and when General Barry's reign was only twenty-four hours old, Nelly and Miss Moodie went again to the house. General Barry appeared, and Miss Moodie asked for the key of the particular room. The general regretted that he could not give it to her as the man who had it was out.

"It does not make any difference," she said, "I have a locksmith with me and will have the lock removed."

Finally the key was produced and attended by the general, they went upstairs. He put the key in the lock, but it would not turn.

The locksmith being called for, the key did its duty and the party entered. It was

a room used only for packing clothing, house-linen, etc., and was lined with wardrobes. Miss Moodie opened one, but it was empty.

“Nothing in here,” she said, and opened another. “Nothing in here, either!” They were all empty. Then turning to the general she continued, “what has become of the contents of these shelves, sir?”

“I assure you they were empty when we came, Madam,” he replied.

“That is singular,” said Miss Moodie quietly, “for I know that they were full when your army entered the city.”

There was literally nothing to be saved so they came away. Not long afterwards Miss Moodie and Nelly went to the house of Mr. Green, a British resident, where General Sherman had quarters. Mrs. Randolph’s cotton had been taken and she wished to ask Mr. Green if it were possible to take any steps toward recovering it. They were in the parlor when Mr. Green entered closely followed by General Sherman.

“There are some ladies in the parlor,” said the former.

“Not to see me; not to see me, I hope,” said Sherman roughly.

“Do you wish to be introduced to General Sherman?” asked Mr. Green in an undertone of Miss Moodie.

“Not for the world,” she replied in a

distinct voice. "I have no wish to make his acquaintance; my business is private and entirely with you, Mr. Green, entirely with you."

Sherman walked to the piano, looked at some music and then left the room.

When Miss Moodie had concluded her conversation with Mr. Green, he ask them upstairs to look at a fine picture, and they passed the open doors of some beautifully furnished rooms.

"Those apartments are occupied by General Sherman," said Mr. Green to Nelly, who must have looked her disgust, for he continued as they passed a door through which a handsome bed was visible, "Don't you want him to rest comfortably?"

"No, indeed, I do not!" she exclaimed. "I wish a thousand papers of pins were stuck in that bed and that he was strapped down on them."

CHAPTER XIX.

IN again turning to Janet's diary I find the following records.

Saturday, Dec. 31st. "The city authorities have seen fit to declare the city once more in the Union."

Sunday, Jan. 1st, 1865. "Mr. Coly has

returned, and to-day conducted the services in Christ Church, which was filled with women only ; a sorrowfully suggestive fact. I was told that a Yankee chaplain offered his assistance to the Rev. Mr. Axon, pastor of the Independent Presbyterian church, but the offer was coldly declined with the words: 'Sir, my people need comfort, and that you cannot give.'

"While we were at church General Barnum again took Mrs. Randolph's carriage. We were told that the flag of truce boat will leave soon, and that those who wished to enter the Confederate lines must register their names. At Mrs. Belton's request I have registered hers."

Monday, Jan. 2d. "Nelly and another lady went to the Mayor's office to-day to ask for an order for wood. They went to the Exchange and, while waiting there to have the order made out, heard that the prisoners we had fed were confined in a warehouse on the bay. They went to see the poor fellows and found them destitute, so we have spent the afternoon collecting clothes for them."

Tuesday, Jan. 3d. "To-day we carried large bundles of clothing to the prisoners. They are dreadfully crowded, not having room to lie down, nor even for many to sit down at a time. They were very thankful to get the clothes, though some of the garments were

the oldest looking things imaginable, old dress coats and cloaks that must have been made when Adam was a little boy, pea jackets and even some pairs of trousers made of carpet which had been cut up for that purpose. To one man was given a Robin Hood suit of green which Mary Randolph's brother, now in Virginia, had worn to a fancy ball. To another, a boating suit, and so on. They fear the perishing climate they are going to, and are glad of anything in the way of clothing. We gave them a lot of gutta-percha buttons from which they can make rings and pins, but we were not allowed to give them tools, not even a bit of hoop skirt steel, of which they could make little saws."

Wednesday, Jan. 4th. "Nelly went again to the prisoners. They still need clothing and, unfortunately, food also, but this last want we are totally unable to supply."

Thursday, Jan. 5th. "Went to General Easton to-day to see about Mrs. Belton's going through the lines. He was quite civil and gave me Captain Audenried's address, so that I will be able to send letters home."

Friday, Jan. 6th. "Reached Captain Audenried's office five minutes too late to send my letters, and was bitterly disappointed.

"We have made a discovery that has provoked us not a little. For two or three nights Miss Moodie has heard a tapping in the yard,

as if some one was picking with an instrument on bricks. Suspecting that the Yankees might be after the wine, which is in the wine-vault near the carriage house, its exterior was examined but was found in apparent good order. Last night a terrible row was heard going on in the servants' rooms over the stable, and Mary went downstairs to see what was the matter. She was met by Robert, a negro boy, who had belonged to her, dressed in Yankee uniform and half intoxicated. She ordered him from the yard, but he refused to go, saying it was as much his as hers. Nelly and Miss Moodie went to General Barnum to request that the row be stopped, and Captain Wilson came back with them. Going up to Robert he said:

“‘Do you consider yourself a free man?’

“‘Yes, Suh,’ replied the boy, straightening up and tossing his head, ‘I’se free as a jay-bud.’

“‘Then walk out of this yard, and don’t presume to set your foot in it again,’ said the officer, and Robert retired with a very crest-fallen air.

“After Captain Wilson left, the row began again, and Lieutenant Wright was sent for. Kelly, the guard, was drunk and noisy, and fearing that the officer would find him downstairs, where he knew he had no business, he started upstairs to hide, but was horrified

when he met Lieutenant Wright going down. The officer drew his sword with which he beat Kelly well, and instantly he became submissive, and in attempting to run, fell and rolled to the bottom of the stairs.

"To-day we discovered that the vault has been entered through the side next to the carriage house. An opening had been made through the brick wall and iron lining, large enough for a man to pass through, and every particle of wine has been stolen. The hole was concealed by a quantity of cottonseed that was piled over it, and it was on this stolen wine that Kelly and Robert had got drunk."

Saturday, Jan. 7th. "Finished all arrangements for Mrs. Belton's departure, and Nelly is sending out a trunk full of things by her. She asked Lieutenant Wright the price of boots and other articles for gentlemen, and he laughed when he said he knew that she wanted them for her husband, and offered to buy them for her. Nelly gave him the money, and he has actually bought the things, which are now among Mrs. Belton's baggage and ready to start, Nelly packing the trunk alone, so I could swear I saw nothing contraband in it. Lieutenant Wright approved it, though he knew as well as we that the things he had bought were among the baggage, and were contraband. He is really kind-hearted."

Saturday, Jan. 21st. "Mrs Belton has

gone and I have heard of the safe arrival of herself and baggage at Charleston.

“In the past ten days I have suffered much through the illness and death of a dear little friend. At the funeral, as the broken-hearted mother and Nelly, upon whose arm she leant, were entering the gate of the railing encircling the vault, a Yankee endeavored to push them aside in order to enter the gate first. Nelly turned on him and thrust him back, but he pressed forward again.

“‘I will call the police,’ said Nelly sternly; then he sprang over the railing and, with as many of his companions as could crowd into the narrow space between the vault and the railing, stared with cruel curiosity into the open door and upon the casket.

“Our cemetery is desecrated with their fortifications. The Yankees have broken open the doors of vaults and, in one instance that I know of, the coffin of a lady was opened and across and chain stolen from her body. Surely such men are not human.”

Jan. 22d. “The Confederate lieutenant, who has been with us, has gone to prison. Poor fellow, he was so grateful to us.

“Mary has got back her carriage, but not in time to save Miss Moodie from a very disagreeable adventure. General Barnum would not give up the carriage, and, as Miss Moodie one day had a pressing need for one, she bor-

rowed a very handsome carriage from a friend, one horse from a physician, and hired another from the servant who was to drive her. When she returned, she ordered the driver to take the carriage back to the owner, but he misunderstood her and put it in our yard.

“General Barnum’s grooms reported the fact to him and he at once took possession of the vehicle, having it put in the stable belonging to a lady who lives quite near us. As soon as Miss Moodie learned what had been done, she requested General Barnum to return the carriage, but he paid no attention to her demands. She then procured the same driver and horses that she had had before and, going to the stable, ordered her driver to draw the carriage out.

“Barnum’s orderly and grooms were very impudent, and made dreadful threats of what they would do to the driver if he touched it. This quite intimidated the man, but Miss Moodie told him that she would take the consequences, be they what they might, and the carriage was drawn out into the yard. Miss Moodie then took her seat, and the driver harnessed the horses to it, but when all was ready, it was found that the cushions were missing. The orderly, in a fury, refused to tell anything about them, whereupon Miss Moodie drove to General Barnum’s office and asked if they were there.

"The general's office is just opposite our house. Miss Moodie drove up to the door and sat in the carriage for more than an hour, and what she was waiting for we could not imagine, though she told us afterward that she sent message after message to General Barnum with no effect, but that he, finding she would not go away, finally came to the carriage himself; then she told him she intended to sit there until the cushions were restored. He was very angry and tried to make her go away, but this she absolutely refused to do. At last she wore out his patience; the cushions were brought and she drove off in triumph.

"Forces tried to cross the river yesterday, but could not on account of the heavy rains. These people have the most absurd ideas of flooding rice fields, they thinking the planters have unlimited control of water and can flood to any depth. They believe the high water, which is giving them so much trouble, is the work of Confederates, also that the rice dams have been cut, and they talk about crevasses as if the Savannah were the Mississippi."

Wednesday, Jan. 25th. "A Yankee major came to-day and insisted on buying St. Catharine's island from Nelly. Nellie has no more interest in that island than the man in the moon has, but he was so eager for it that

she could not resist the temptation of giving him as many little feminine stabs as were in her power. Finally she told him she would let no Yankee have the island at any price; still he earnestly entreated her to change the decision, and she, getting tired of the scene, sent him off in a blue rage with the information that St. Catharine's belonged no more to her than it did to him."

Friday, Jan. 27th. "The corps to which Lieutenant Wright belongs left to-day. On leaving he kissed the baby, whereat Nelly was very indignant and has nearly scrubbed the poor little mortal's face off.

"When the Third Brigade was drawn up in front of our windows, General Barnum rode across from his quarters and, placing himself directly under the window, delivered an address to his men. I did not catch the first sentence, but he charged them 'as patriots, to write their names indelibly upon the soil of South Carolina.' He, however, counselled them to moderation—I should liked to have asked what Yankee moderation means—and at the close he said: 'I propose three long, loud and hearty cheers for Savannah.'

"They were given with vim. I don't know what he would have said could he have heard the groans in our parlor when the three cheers—for 'The coming campaign'—rent the air.

"Yesterday I was much gratified to learn that Major Sinclair, General Barnum's assistant provost marshal, had been returned in disgrace to his regiment for rudeness to a woman. Lieutenant Wright amused us with his account of the occurrence, thus showing he has owed him no good will since the first day they came in, when Major Sinclair broke open our gate, stole Mary's turkeys and charged me with having resisted his authority. Lieutenant Wright was very angry at the time, remarking that the man was no gentleman.

"The Lieutenant, on leaving, gave us his address:

Lieutenant WM. WRIGHT,
Bath, Steuben Co., N.Y.

—promising that if any of our relatives were taken prisoner during the coming campaign he would be kind to them if it were in his power."

Saturday, Jan. 29th. "Last night was the most awful one of my life, and I pray that I may never see such another. At ten o'clock there was a cry of fire, but that cry was so frequent we paid no attention to it. At a quarter to twelve Nelly and I were awakened by the explosion of a shell. Then came a dozen reports in quick succession, so loud and so near they seemed to be in the yard. The gas, which had been burning brightly, was

put out by the shock, and we could hear the jarring of the gas and water pipes with every explosion. We sprang from our beds and, looking out of the window, found the fire raging in West Broad Street. Nelly said the old Navy magazine must be on fire. The bursting of the shells now became terrific, pieces of them falling all around our house, and we could hear them striking the houses around us.

"Calling to an officer, who was passing, I asked him if he thought we were in danger.

"'I cannot tell, madam,' he replied. 'The engines cannot be approached on account of the shells, and it will depend entirely upon the direction the wind takes.'

"Of course this remark made us very anxious. Nelly and Mary dressed the children, while Miss Moodie and I collected their clothing and some valuables; then we went over to Captain Maston, assistant provost, and asked him if in case we had to move, could he help us. He assured us that he could and would, so I took my stand to watch the progress of the fire. For three hours it had been steadily advancing with nothing to arrest it. The heavens were as light as day, while the bursting shells sent up jets of smoke and flame high above the burning houses. The sight itself was grand beyond description. Not a sound could be heard in

the street below. The few awestricken people, who were seeking safety in flight, crept silently along as close to the walls as possible, and then sped like lightning across the street.

“Mr. B—— came to ask after us, and as he crossed the street a large piece of shell fell almost at his feet. Two soldiers came up the steps, and when I asked who they were, one replied :

“Two Confederates, who want a place of safety for themselves and budgets; the hospital is on fire, and the sick are being moved.”

“I had hardly opened the door when several more of the sick arrived. They spread their blankets on the parlor floor and very composedly went to sleep. Suddenly the wind changed and the flames appeared rushing towards us, so Miss Moodie and I went to Captain Maston and he very kindly sent three men to help us.

“Nelly had bought a pair of cavalry boots to send out to Mr. Annandale and these I tied together, filled them with silver and hung them around my neck, my arms being full of bundles. We loaded the men with valuables, then Miss Moodie and I went with them to the house of a physician far enough away, we thought, to be safe from the fire. We had numerous offers of assistance from

persons on the way, but we rejected them, knowing that in this way much stealing would be done. Our three Yankees, however, behaved well and were faithful to their trust.

"When we reached the doctor's house, he was out, and we had to pound on the door a long time before we could wake up his wife. She at length came downstairs, but could not open the door, as the key was not to be found, and the doctor was away with his latch key. She opened the drawing-room window, however, and I slung the boots, full of silver as they were, into the room, Miss Moodie and the men tossing their bundles in after. Many persons did not know of the fire and explosions until next morning, having slept through it all as the doctor's wife had done.

"It was five o'clock when we reached home, and the fire seemed to be decreasing. It had spread beyond the range of the shells and the engines were at work. Only an occasional shell now exploded, and by half-past five they ceased. For five long hours this bombardment, if I may so call it, continued. The loss of life must be terrible.

"The negroes were scared out of their wits. Early, during the bursting of the shells, I was on the front steps and I asked a negro who was passing, if he thought our house in danger.

"'Oh, no, ma'am,' said he, 'I don't tink

you need be scare.' In a second a piece of shell fell near by, and another negro scudding along called out.

"Run fur your life, Jim!"

"My friend, who the moment before had told me not to be scare, turned to me and said:

"I mek mistek, missis. I tink you berry danjus," and away he went down the street.

"At first nothing could convince the negroes that it was not the Confederates shelling the town. Daphne, Mary's cook, came wringing her hands and crying: 'My God, misstis, marster come shell we all.'

"On the steps we found two jewelry cases open and empty, probably stolen from some burning house."

Sunday, Jan. 30th. "One hundred and twenty-five houses were destroyed but no one was burnt but a poor little negro baby."

February 15th. "Some of the women try the tragic style, i.e., receive the enemy with folded arms, heads thrown back, and suffer from heroics generally. It is very foolish, for the Yankees only laugh; I think the best way is to treat them with contemptuous indifference. That stings."

"To-day a little negro amused herself by jumping up and down under my window, and singing at the top of her voice:

"' All de rebel gone to h—
Now Par Sherman come.'

“ The little imp’s antics were so funny, I could not help laughing.

“ Sherman uses the park as a camp, and the negroes say :

“ ‘Buckra wouldn’t let nigger go een de park. *Now* nigger go and Buckra can’t. Couldn’t git a glass o’ water for he’sef, *now* hab to go to de pump.’

“ This last has been told me, for I have seen nothing of the kind. Our servants are perfectly respectful.

“ I am told that Sherman says : ‘These Savannah women are d—— sulky, but they’ll get over that before I’m done with them.’ If by sulkiness he means contempt for himself and his robber crew, he will find that that is one of the things he cannot change.

“ I have forgotten to record an instance in which General Howard forgot his usual blandness. It is as follows :

“ A lady was passing the general’s office when, noticing the United States flag stretched above the sidewalk, she stepped down into the sand to avoid passing under it. The guard called to her to walk under the flag but she refused to obey him, so he took her to the general.

“ ‘Madam,’ said he, ‘I understand that you refused to pass under my flag. Did you?’

“ ‘I did,’ she replied quietly. ‘Am I not

at liberty to walk in the sand if I prefer it to the sidewalk ?'

"Yes," said he excitedly; "but you intentionally avoided my flag. I will make you walk under it."

"You *cannot* make me!" she replied excitedly. "You may have me carried under it, but then it will be your act—not mine."

"This answer irritated him not a little, and he said angrily: 'I will have you arrested and sent to prison.'

"She looked at him coolly, then replied: 'Send me to prison if you will, I know you have the power,—if not the right,—and see if you can shake my resolution.'

"Well," he said, "I will have the flag hung in front of your door, so that you cannot get out without walking under it."

"Then I will stay at home, and send the servants," she answered. "They will not mind."

"She was finally released. Poor man! I daresay he thought himself dignified when he was only spiteful."

Saturday, Feb. 18th. "Mary has been, and still is, very ill. We fear her poor little two days' old baby will not live. There was great difficulty in obtaining a permit for the doctor to visit her at night."

Monday, Feb. 20th. "To-day a Yankee came to ask if the owner of this house lived in

it, and I think he was well satisfied of the fact before he left. These people go to houses that have been left by the owners in charge of housekeepers or other responsible persons, and take possession on the ground that they are abandoned property."

Tuesday, Feb. 21st. "Nelly and I registered our names to-day, for we can get no letters without a ticket. The officers only asked what relatives we had in the Confederate army. Here is a copy of my ticket or whatever it may be called.

"OFFICE PROVOST MARSHAL.

"SAVANNAH, GA., Feb. 21, 1865.

Miss J. W. Henry.....
Is registered at this office.....
Residence, Cor. S. Broad and Barnard.....
Occupation,.....
Oath of Allegiance, Not Taken.....

"S. M. CHEESEBORO,

"1st Lieut. & Asst. Provost Marshal."

February 28th. "A Yankee officer came to-day to ask the price of Mary's carriage. He said he had 'peeped at it through a crack!' Characteristic, certainly."

March 3d. "At last we have a letter from Mr. Annandale. It is a month old, but as it is the first and only one we have had from the Confederate lines, we value it highly. The destruction of the flag of truce letters is a

most disgraceful piece of cruelty. We have been to the office again and again to ask, even to beg, for our letters, and were rudely told that there were letters for us, but that the clerk was busy and we must call again.

“The next day the same answer was given, and finally Captain Baker said, ‘These confounded women bother the life out of me and I’ve no time to waste on their nonsense. Tell them their letters are burnt and not to bother me any more!’”

March 12th. “Meningitis has become epidemic and many of the children of our friends have died of it. It is thought to be occasioned by the filth left by Sherman’s army. For ten days a dead horse lay with his head on our pavement, and the litter from the stable in our yard, which was occupied by General Barnum’s horses, was never removed but was piled against the wall till it reached the windows of the servants’ rooms over the stable. The lanes were nailed up at either end and used as horse lots while Sherman was here, and when he left they were in a shocking condition, remaining so at present for the citizens have neither money nor strength,—being mostly women,—to have them cleaned. One lady said to a Yankee that if ‘the town was not cleaned all the people would die in the summer.’

“‘We’ll be away long before then,’ said

he. 'Only niggers and rebel women will be left, and it doesn't matter what becomes of them.' "

CHAPTER XX.

MARCH 13th. "There is on this street, quite near us, a house left vacant by the death of its owner, a wonderfully particular maiden lady, about seventy years of age. I do not know who was left in charge of the property, but it is now occupied by Yankee officers, and the canary-colored, satin damask parlor chairs, which were always carefully covered with linen, now shine out in all their splendor under the trees in the middle of the street. There they stay through sun and rain.

"I must tell an incident in connection with this house, of which Janet makes no mention in her journal, although I have often heard her speak of it to Nelly.

"About the middle of April, Nelly and Janet were walking in the street one rainy day, and they met a procession of women, the wives and daughters of the Senators who had gone to Charleston to see Major Anderson hoist the United States flag over Fort Sumter. Some mistake about conveyances must have occurred, for they had to walk through the rain, from the vessel to the hotel. Their

appearance was funny in the extreme, for they were arrayed in their Sunday-go-to-meetings, and the rain was damaging their finery and, consequently, their tempers.

“As the procession passed Nelly, one of the women elevated her already sufficiently elevated skirt, thereby showing a box ankle and a foot that looked as if it had a hinge in the middle,—the heel coming down hard first and the toe following with a curious kind of flap.

“‘Ow,’ cried she, ‘I thought Charleston was narsty, but of all narsty places Savannah is the narstiest!’

“Several others expressed their dissatisfaction in terms quite as audible and as well bred as those used by the lady with the representative pedestal. The next day an ambulance load of these people was seen to enter the house of the canary colored chairs, and the lady who lives next door says she heard voices animatedly discussing the value of things. One voice a little higher and shriller than the others, cried out: ‘Betty Blair, you take the dish and let me have the book.’

“Betty apparently did not approve of this arrangement, for the same voice exclaimed: ‘Betty Blair, I tell you one is as good as the other!’

“Betty must still have proved obdurate, for the voice again said: ‘Well, Betty, if you

must have the book, take it !' And there was peace."

March 15th. "Mary and her baby are still ill, and to-day little Jean is restless. I fear this awful meningitis."

Tuesday, March 21st. "Jean has been very ill ; it was meningitis, but she slept all last night and the doctor found her so much better this morning that he thinks the disease controlled, if not quite gone.

"A negro soldier struck one of my little cousins with a stone and but for timely interference, would have cut him with a knife. Colonel York, the provost marshal, said he would punish the offender if identified,—a useless speech, since he took no steps toward identification, and he perfectly well knew how impossible it was for the child's mother to move in the matter.

"The other day Colonel York was holding forth, with the contumacy of the rebel women as his text, and he closed his discourse, with the following statement :

"I was in the army that captured Vicksburg and although the women of that town had been compelled to subsist upon mule meat and mouldy pease, they were as determinedly rebellious as ever. 'Yes, just as much as ever madam ! They even cast garbage upon me as I rode through the streets. *Garbage, madam !*'

"He did not mean to be funny but he was, and he did so redden and puff at the recollection of the insult, and kept on muttering 'garbage' in such an absurd way that Nelly and I, after an ineffective attempt to control ourselves, burst out laughing.

"He was furious, and when we were beginning to get ourselves in hand, set us off again with the remark that '*we* might find it amusing to have garbage cast upon a gentleman's head, but he did not!' He then hastily left.

"Nelly asked me what garbage really was. I did not know but had a general idea that it was something very abominable. I have looked in Webster; he says, 'Garbage is the refuse animal and vegetable matter from a kitchen.' No wonder poor Colonel York was disgusted.

"Last night Nelly's cow was stolen, so this morning she went to the chief of police, Captain Morehead, and stated the case. Colonel York happened to be present and they both promised to do what they could for her. At one o'clock an officer called for her to identify the cow, and on going to the Police Office found only her unfortunate cow's hide. Two of the thieves—negroes—were caught, and the police are in search of the third. Tomorrow Nelly goes to have the case settled."

Wednesday, March 22d. "The chief of

police having secured the thieves, they confessed and were sentenced to three months' imprisonment, and to pay the full value of the property. The cow was valued at one hundred dollars. The judge awarded seventy-five dollars to Nelly. The court reserving the remaining twenty-five.

"Nelly received forty-five dollars and is promised the rest. I think she is lucky to get anything."

Monday, March 27th. "The wives of all Confederate officers are ordered to leave Savannah. The order is verbal, and is said to come from Stanton."

March 28th. "This morning while it rained, some one knocked at the door, and as Nelly opened it a great big Yankee, with his hat pulled over his face, and tightly buttoned up in a huge overcoat, sprang in. She stepped back in a startled surprise. Without removing his hat, he said roughly: 'You are ordered to leave on the flag of truce boat on Thursday.'

"'But this is Tuesday,' she replied, 'and you cannot expect me to be ready on such short notice.'

"'If you are not, it will be the worse for you!' he growled.

"By this time Nelly had got her wits about her and remembering that she was the wife of a private felt perfectly secure.

“‘I don’t know you,’ she said, ‘and as you have brought no written order I shall pay no attention to what you have said. I daresay you are a private, trying to frighten me; but you will not succeed, and if you don’t go away, I will send for the police.’

“‘I am an officer,’ he angrily exclaimed. ‘Don’t you see my sword?’

“‘I see that you wear a sword, but that is no proof that you are an officer. Swords are portable property,’ answered Nelly.

“He tore open his coat and pointing to his straps said: ‘Don’t you see I am a lieutenant?’

“‘I see that you have on shoulder straps, but what does that signify? You may be or you may not be an officer. It is nothing to me. I am the wife of a private, and the order you profess to have does not concern me.’

“Several negroes had come up from the basement and were listening to the conversation. One girl, the only saucy one of the number, had approached quite near. Nelly looked at her and then at the Yankee.

“‘Do you wish to see the negroes?’ she asked.

“‘No!’ he mumbled.

“‘Because,’ Nelly continued, ‘if you did, I was going to say you might go into the kitchen with them, and the next time you come it will be well for you to knock at the gate, as their visitors always come there.’

"That Yankee looked as if he wanted to commit murder, and he cursed the negroes.

"'You see,' she went on, turning to them, 'he does not wish to see you.'

"They went downstairs and then Nelly said to the Yankee, 'I think you had better go, too.'

"'I tell you,' he replied angrily, 'you shall go on Thursday, and what's more there's another woman here, a rebel officer's wife, that shall go too! See if I'm not right!' Down the front steps he stalked into the street. Nelly is safe, but poor Mary, who is still so ill that she has not left her bed since the birth of her infant, what will they do to her? Nelly is going to see General Grover about it this afternoon."

March 29th. "Mary is to be allowed to stay for a week longer. Grover would not take Nelly's or Miss Moodie's word of honor that she was too ill to be moved, but sent a Yankee surgeon to see for himself. The man came into her room and must needs feel her pulse, when one glance at her deathlike face could not fail to tell him that she was a desperately ill woman, and to whom the excitement of seeing a stranger, and in that detested uniform, must be most dangerous."

Thursday, March 30th. "The flag of truce boat with the first instalment of offi-

cers' wives left to-day, and I went down to see them off."

Friday, March 31st. "The wine the Yankees stole from the vault belonged to Mary Randolph's brother. Fortunately Nelly had concealed hers in the house, and as she is very hard pushed for money, has been selling it for fifteen dollars a bottle. The wine is very old and cannot be replaced, but we must have bread.

"The other day a boyish looking Yankee, who said his name was Glidden, and that he came from Boston, was brought here by a person we thought responsible, for the purpose of buying some of the wine. Nelly told him the price per bottle and the date of importation, and he very properly asked to taste it; so she had a bottle and glass brought. Just then she was called from the room and had to be absent some time. When she returned Mr. Glidden said he would let her know the next day how much wine he wanted, and then took his leave, but on examining the bottle it was found to be empty. We were surprised, but concluded Mr. Glidden meant to include it in the purchase to be made the next day.

"We were mistaken, however, for he not only declined to buy the wine, but told Nelly that such wine as that could be bought in

Boston for a dollar and a half a gallon. Nelly says she told him that she would be very much afraid to drink, or even to cook with wine at that price as it would have to be made of logwood, sugar and acids. He smiled benignly upon her ignorance and said there was a difference between Boston and Savannah ; illustrating the difference by not paying for the fifteen dollars' worth he had made away with, although he had been told that the wine was to be sold to buy bread."

April 6th. "The second flag of truce boat left to-day with the remaining families of the Confederate officers."

April 14th. "Extras to-day give a full account of Lee's surrender to Grant. I cannot believe it."

Wednesday, April 19th. "The reports of Lee's surrender and of Lincoln's assassination are confirmed. Surely the ways of God are mysterious!"

Friday, April 21st. "I went yesterday on the boat to Sister's Ferry with the officers' families who were ordered out. Three weeks ago when the first boat left, General Grover gave me a pass but I did not use it, because it was not until yesterday that the ladies with whom I wished to go were ordered out.

"At 12 o'clock we went on board the

Emilie, commanded by Captain Baker. General Washburn and a doctor being the other officers on board. One hundred and ten of Lee's men accompanied us, bound for their homes in Georgia and Alabama. Not half an hour after we left the wharf, I was told that Commodore Tattnall's family had been ordered off the boat for having contraband articles in their trunks. I knew five of the families on the Emilie, not one of which wished to leave Savannah, but went because they were threatened with imprisonment if they did not obey the order. The boat lay in the river all night and at ten o'clock the next day we reached the ferry.

"No words can describe my feelings at the sight of the pickets in gray on the bluff. The soldiers were landed first, then the families. Many of our friends met us, and I heard from them that all was well at home. We communicated to our men the sad news of General Lee's surrender. They were greatly astonished to hear of Lincoln's assassination. After two or three hours' conversation with our gallant and beloved soldiers, we had to bid them good-by.

"This order, sending out the officers' families, is brutal, but I do not hold the officers in command here responsible for it. They have, so far as I can learn, tried to soften

the hardships as much as lay in their power, especially Captain Baker, who was very civil to us.

"The cause of the arrest of Mrs. Tattnall was the discovery of a tiny can of powder in the trunk belonging to a boy, a relative of hers, but which, unfortunately by a mistake, had been marked with her name. I fear it will be an awkward business, for although the ounce or two of powder could not have done the Confederacy much good, it may afford a pretext for the Yankees to make another display of their amiable peculiarities."

Sunday, April 23d. "I went to Colonel York's office at seven o'clock to ask if the doctor would be allowed to attend Mary, whose illness has increased. The written permission was given me. Yesterday an order was published, forbidding any one who would not take the Amnesty Oath to get a letter from the post office.

"To-day I was fortunate enough to obtain copies of the only correspondence I have heard of in regard to the officers' wives. Mrs. J. W. A—— was ordered verably like the rest of the women, but on the application of Mrs. Robert A—— to the general commanding at Hilton Head, she was reprieved for a time by the following order:

“ ‘HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE SOUTH.
 “ ‘Assistant Adjutant General’s Office,
 “ ‘HILTON HEAD, S.C., March 30, 1865.
 “ ‘Brevet Maj.-Gen. C. GROVER,
 “ ‘Commandery District of Savannah.

“ ‘SAVANNAH.

“ ‘General,—The Major-General instructs me to say that Mrs. J. W. A.—, now at Savannah, may be retained within our lines until the last of the wives of Confederate officers are sent out.

“ ‘Very respectfully,

“ ‘Your obedient servant,

“ ‘W. L. M. BURGER, A. A. G.’

“On the next trip of the boat, a verbal order was brought, by a commissioned officer, which she refused to receive in person, so the following was then brought to her:

“ ‘Order No. 1.

“ ‘PROVOST MARSHAL’S OFFICE,

“ ‘DISTRICT OF SAVANNAH,

“ ‘April 3, 1865.

“ ‘Mrs. J. W. A.—.

“ ‘Madam,—In accordance with orders from the Sec’ry of War, you will be in readiness to leave the city to go without our lines at 9 o’clock, A.M., the 6th inst.

“ ‘Carriage for yourself and teams for your baggage will call for you at your residence.

“ ‘By order of,

“ ‘Bt. Maj.-Gen’l. C. GROVER.

“ ‘ROBT. P. YORK,

“ ‘Lt. Col. and Pro. Mar.’

“Mrs. A— showed the reprieve and received the two orders following:

“ ‘Order No. 2.

“ ‘PROVOST MARSHAL’S OFFICE,
“ ‘DISTRICT OF SAVANNAH,

“ ‘April 3d, 1865.

“ ‘Mrs. A—.

“ ‘*Madam,—I have orders from the Secretary of War, and received through the proper channel, and as I have no notice from any one in regard to your case, I shall be compelled to execute these orders which I have. You will be ready to go at 9 A. M. next Thursday. If you are not, you will suffer the consequences of disobeying orders.*

“ ‘I am, madam,

“ ‘Very respectfully,

“ ‘ROBT. P. YORK,

“ ‘Lt. Col. 75th N. Y. V. I. and

“ ‘Pro. Mar., Dist. of Savannah.’

“ ‘Mrs. A— inquired what the underlined sentence meant, and was told it meant the County Jail. The next day she received the following, it having been telegraphed to Hilton Head that Mrs. A— ‘was a dangerous woman.’

“ ‘PROVOST MARSHAL’S OFFICE,

“ ‘DISTRICT OF SAVANNAH,

“ ‘April 4th, 1863.

“ ‘The following has just been received at this office:

“ ‘By telegraph from

“ ‘HILTON HEAD, April 4th, 1863.

“ ‘To Bt. Maj.-Gen. C. GROVER.

“ ‘The Gen’l Comdg. directs that Mrs. J. W. A— be sent out of the lines at the first opportunity.

“ ‘[Signed] W. L. BURGER, A.A.G.

“ ‘Resp’t. by

“ ‘ROBERT P. YORK,

“ ‘Lt. Col. and Pro. Mar.’

"Mrs. A——was sent out on the 6th of April."

May 10th. "Hundreds of Lee's men are in the city, and we find many friends among them. An order has been issued that Confederate officers must take off their uniforms."

May 13th. "Commodore Tattnall arrived yesterday. He positively refused to take off his buttons, and I hear General Imboden has done the same. The order has been rescinded to-day and I can only suppose because even they felt ashamed to carry out this mean spite against brave and unfortunate men. We watched Commodore Tattnall pass a negro guard and were in fear lest that gallant gentleman would be insulted; but no, the negro, more decent than his white comrades, saluted respectfully and remained motionless until the commodore had advanced some distance beyond him.

"Yesterday we witnessed the arrest of B——. Yes, one of our noble Confederates arrested by a common Yankee policeman, and for what? Because he had brass buttons on his coat! This breaking of the parole given to our men would be a disgrace to any government but that of the Yankees; they can stoop to any act. The meaner the better, so that the end is gained."

Sunday, May 14th. "I feel sadly the want

of a church. My own I cannot enter while our noble President is a fugitive, with a reward of a hundred thousand dollars offered for him, and our minister is compelled to pray for Andy Johnson, a drunken tailor! No other denomination has been so insulted. Nelly and I read the service and a sermon at home."

May 18th. "President Davis has been captured and passed through the city this morning on his way to Hilton Head. What is to be his fate, none can foresee. This afternoon Nelly went on business to Captain Starr, a quartermaster, who has his office in the Central Railroad Bank. When she had received the order which she had requested, he remarked: 'You Savannah people are not very patriotic.'

"'I am not aware of any failure of duty in that respect,' Nelly replied.

"'You are not, are you? Well, what do you say to the fact that Mrs. Davis' four months old baby had to go without its breakfast this morning because no milk could be had for it for love or money. I, myself, tried everywhere to get it for her.'

"'You tried probably, in your own name,' said Nelly.

"'Yes, of course I did,' responded he.

"'Then,' said Nelly, 'you have furnished the best proof that this is a patriotic town.'

You tried in your own name. Had you used that of Mrs. Davis, there is not in Savannah a Southern woman who would not have felt honored by the application, provided, of course, that she was sure it was for Mrs. Davis.'"

May 19th. "Nelly has just been through a season of much tribulation, but I am forced to laugh whenever I think of it. The Yankees are now allowing citizens to collect rents. A certain Mrs. B—— came, while Nelly was at the dentist, to rent a store from her. The woman seemed so anxious that I sent her after Nelly, but in a short time she returned and said: I was to 'gif her te toor key.'

"But I don't know where it is," I said.

"It is one beeg, yellow key, and it is in te leetle yellow pag hangking up in te yellow wardrobe. Mrs. Annintel dolt me to dell you dat.'

"Following her lucid directions, I found and gave her the key, which was a large brass one. When Nelly returned she told me that Mrs. B—— was to examine the premises, and if she wished to rent them, was to send a message to that effect on Saturday before one o'clock, and if no message came Nelly was to conclude that she did not want the store and was at liberty to make other arrangements.

"No message was received, so on Saturday afternoon Nelly sent for the key, and having

an application for the store that evening, rented it then and there. On the following week great was her surprise when she received a summons to appear before the Provost Court and answer for her conduct to Mrs. B—.

“In fear and trembling she engaged a lawyer and obeyed the awful mandate. Mrs. B—, her lawyer and a friend, who was to have had half of the store, were already there. Mrs. B—’s lawyer made a high flown speech about the cruelty of wronging a poor widow, poor in the sense of spirit, not flesh, for she is as broad as she is long. He was subjected to so many interruptions from the said widow, about ‘te yellow key, in te yellow pag, hangking in te yellow wardrobe,’ that at length he said impatiently, ‘Am I conducting this case, Madam, or are you?’

“‘Oh, it is you, Sir, it is you. Put I shoost vant to dell de shudge dat Mrs. Annintel dit say te yellow key vas in te leetle yellow pag, hangking in te yellow wardrobe.’

“‘You have already stated that fact several times, Madam,’ said he; ‘it is unnecessary that you should do it again. Please bear that in mind.’

“She bowed submissively and was silent. He continued his oration but as he paused a moment for breath, she broke in with:

“‘It vas Miss Hentrie, Mrs. Annintel’s sister, vot gafe me te key. I delt her dat

her sister saidt it vas a yellow key, in te little yellow pag, hangking—' here she was interrupted by her indignant lawyer.

“‘I will abandon the case at once, Mrs. B——,’ said he, ‘if you are not silent !’

“‘Yes, sir, put—’

“‘I insist upon perfect silence !’ demanded he.

“Shortly poor Nelly was called up to tell her story. In the midst of her examination, in walked the Mayor and city council. They came to be sworn in about something and stood by while she, with an earth-swallow-me-up look upon her face, tried to hurry through with her story.

“The proceedings were stopped, however, until the Judge had attended to the Mayor’s business, and then Mrs. B——’s friend was called as a witness. His hat was off, but when they were about to make him swear, he clapped it on his head.

“‘Take off your hat, sir !’ exclaimed the Judge, sternly.

“‘I nefer dush dat ven I schwears,’ said the man eagerly, at the same time seizing the brim of his hat with both hands, and dragging it down over his ears. The lawyer then explained to the Judge that the Jews do not hold an oath binding when made with head uncovered, so the man was allowed to keep it on.

“The decision was reserved for next day. The Judge saying that Nelly would see it in the morning paper. On the way home she asked her lawyer if she had told her story well.

“‘Not by any means,’ was the reply. ‘You said exactly what you ought not to have said, and did not say what you should have said.’

“‘Will the case go against me?’ she asked.

“‘I think it will,’ he replied.

“‘Well it will be very hard if it does, after they had me up there before all those people and scared me nearly out of my wits. Did you know,’ she continued, ‘that Jews had to wear their hats when they swore?’

“‘Yes,’ said he. ‘I remember one occasion when a Jew of the lower class was brought as a witness; he removed his hat, and the plaintiff in great excitement, cried out: “Stop him! stop him! Make him put on his hat, or he’ll swear to the biggest lie he can think of.”’

“To our surprise, the morning paper announced the decision to be in Nelly’s favor.”

Sunday, May 21st. “A most amusing incident occurred in church to-day. Just after the *Te Deum* had been sung, a Yankee officer in the pew next to the front got up

and stalked out of the church. He made such a noise and came from such a conspicuous place that every eye in the congregation was upon him. His red head, chalk-white face, long spindly body and long arms, which he worked like the sails of a windmill, made him look exactly like the insect known to children as a Johnny-crook-horse. When service was over a friend told us that while standing on the steps when the Yankee came out, he heard him say to the sexton, 'I have been insulted in this church. It's a confounded rebel nest.'

"Indeed!" said the sexton. "Well you knew it was not a Yankee church, why did you go in?"

"I am at liberty to go where I please," he answered. "It was insult enough to have to sit by a rebel; but to make it worse, one rebel woman handed a prayer-book to another, passing it directly in front of me. I couldn't stand that so have shown my sense of the insult by leaving the church!"

"I suppose it did not occur to you to look back at the door to see if the congregation was dissolved in tears at your departure?" asked the sexton. The Yankee walked off without replying."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE last entry in Janet's journal was made on the 21st of May. They packed up at that time, hoping to leave shortly, and the journal, down at the bottom of a Saratoga, was too much out of the way to be again used, but they could not leave for some weeks.

Mary Randolph and Miss Moodie had gone North, hoping that the sea air would be of service to Mary, who was so ill that she had to be carried on a mattress to the boat. She gained strength slowly but steadily, and some weeks after her departure wrote to Nelly, asking her to get Dr. Randolph's sword from a friend who had carried it to Savannah.

Nelly did not know what to do, for she could not trust a servant with such a thing, nor did she wish to carry it through the streets in the day time, and it was very certain she could not go alone for it in the evening. Still less could she permit a Confederate to go with her, for this would have been dangerous to both. She was speaking of her perplexities to two Confederates when they immediately asked to be allowed to go for it. One of them, a Texas Ranger, said he did not care about the Yankees, and if they tried to take the sword from him, he would have

the pleasure of sticking at least one of them, and if they killed him, it would not matter much, for his people were all across the Mississippi, and no doubt thought he had already "gone up."

The other, a Virginian, was so shocked when Nelly proposed to go for it herself, that she was fain to give up the discussion in his presence, and let him suppose that she intended to leave the sword where it was for the present. But she went that same afternoon and brought it home herself. On the way she passed several Yankees who looked curiously at the weapon, and then at her, but said nothing.

Bull Street, the favorite promenade in the city was abandoned by the ladies because it was frequented by negroes and Yankees. One afternoon Nelly, having a commission to execute on that street, was walking along accompanied by the Ranger, when a negro woman attempted rudely to push between her and the wall. The Texan seized the woman by the neck and slung her into the street with such a whirl that she spun round and round like a top, while they went on their way, though Nelly expected they would be arrested; but the negro must have felt that her impertinence had been only justly rewarded, for nothing was done.

Soon after this the two soldiers left for

their respective homes. To the Texan, as he was to cross the Mississippi, beyond which we expected the war would still continue and Confederate money be of value, she gave fifteen hundred dollars. Some months later he wrote her that he had bought a breakfast with it.

In June a friend, who had just come from Mr. Annandale's place in North Georgia, told Nelly that Mr. Annandale was very ill, so she and Janet used every means to find a way to leave the city. They engaged a passage on the *Amazon*,—a crazy old cotton-boat, without a cabin and in the most miserable condition,—but their friends protested so earnestly against their making the trip in such a concern, that they gave it up. Then they wished to go on the *Jeff Davis*, but were dissuaded as it was in as bad condition as was the *Amazon*. Finally after many wearisome delays and disappointments, Captain Starr told them that in a week or two a new boat would go on a pleasure trip to Augusta, and they might go in that. They asked for transportation, which was at first refused and then given, and on the last week in June they went on board the *Nantasket*, bound for Augusta.

Janet and Nelly had many acquaintances on the boat, among whom were four Confederate soldiers,—three from Georgia and one

from South Carolina. All were going home and would have had a pleasant time, but for the presence of a Yankee named French, who was a constant source of annoyance. This detestable old nuisance persecuted them with his conversation, and even patronizingly offered some fruit to Nelly's little boy, Fred. The child was much insulted and indignantly refused it.

As the ladies of the party were leaning over the railing and looking at the bare chimneys and devastated plantations they were passing, this man walked up to them and smilingly remarked that the "ruins contributed much to the interest of the scene." No one noticed the observation, and he repeated it, adding that "the place they were then passing belonged to Mr. ——, and that he, French, had been present at the burning of the house, and had, in fact, seen a great deal of that sort of thing as he had accompanied the army on its march through Georgia.

"Sir," exclaimed one of the ladies, "if you will tell us on which side of the boat you intend to remain, we will be careful to stay on the other!"

"Madam, madam," he said reprovingly, "it is wrong, it is unchristian, to allow yourself to become excited about this matter. These are the things of the past, and should be remembered only as the chastening needed

to bring you back into the Union, which we cheerfully and prayerfully bestowed."

"Rewarding yourselves for your trouble by stealing whatever you could lay your hands on!" indignantly replied the lady, as the party moved to the other side, hoping to be rid of him, but he followed them and said:

"You entirely misjudge us, Madam. Providence placed many articles of value in our way, and had we not removed them to a place of safety, they would have been consumed by the flames. We but fulfilled an imperative duty."

"You will now, I suppose," said she, "return to the owners what you have so generously saved for them."

"No, Madam," he replied; "I have earnestly sought enlightenment on this subject, and it has been made clear to me that, as the servant is worthy of his hire, so *my* hire will amount to the full value of all that I have preserved, and I am, therefore, justly entitled to it."

Then looking into the cabin, he saw the four young Confederates playing cards, and going towards them, he exclaimed:

"Cards! my dear young friends, let me entreat you not to peril your immortal souls in this unholy pastime!"

The Confederates eyed him not very amiably, but continued the game without replying.

"O unconverted spirits, I call upon you, in

my Master's name, to desist!" said he, with the regular Puritan snuffle.

"You blasphemous old scoundrel," replied the Carolinian; "shut up, and mind your own business!"

"I forgive you, young man," said he meekly; "I forgive you, and"—with expansive benevolence, "will pray that your evil treatment of my admonition may not be laid up against you."

The Carolinian got up and laid his hand on a chair. "You infernal old hypocrite!" said he; "you are the biggest thief and liar unhung! How dare you speak to a gentleman! Stop! Don't answer but listen to what I have to say! You went to my father's house and plundered it. You stole his library and sent it North. You are a thief and ought to be in jail! Now, if you ever again presume to open your mouth in my presence, your gray hairs shan't protect you. I'll break every bone in your body and give you something worth forgiving! Take yourself off instantly!" He lifted the chair as he saw French roll up his eyes as if preparing for another devout exhortation.

French looked down, caught sight of the chair, and sneaked, whining to the Captain. The latter, a jolly, fat old man from Maine, told him to "let the boys alone, for they weren't doing any harm."

French then came cringing up to the ladies, but on the approach of the Carolinian they effected a rapid retreat. Nelly and another lady went to the Captain and told him that the man's annoyances were really unbearable and asked to have them stopped.

The Captain said he "had heard the conversation and wondered how a man could talk to women folks about burning up their houses and taking things that way; for his part, he could not do it. But you know," he continued, "he's thought a heap of in our army, and I've got to be civil to him. He shan't trouble you any more, however, and I'll advise him to keep out of that youngster's way."

French was one of the luminaries of the Freedman's Bureau, his light being equalled only by that of his co-laborer, O. O. Howard. They were a worthy and a lovely pair, much given to "taking up their testimony against the right hand and left hand defections and backslidings of the times, anent which they uttered many cries and howls in this wilderness of sin and rebellion. The boat reached the wharf in the afternoon, but Nelly and Janet did not land until the next morning. Fred was very tired and one of the gentlemen carried him up the bluff where there was a quantity of dog fennel, nearly dried by the heat. The little fellow

picked his hands full and came back to his mother delighted with his odoriferous bouquet.

In the morning they landed, and met Bishop Elliott, who gave them advice and comfort such as no one else could give. Noble, Christian gentleman that he was! He is gone, but through his past yet speaks, not only to those who knew and loved him, but to all to whom intellect, goodness and purity are more than mere names.

Nelly and Janet travelled together as far as Union Point. Here they separated; Nelly to go to her home in the mountains, and Janet to come to us. At the village six miles from Mr. Annandale's place, the horses gave out. It was eleven o'clock at night, but the driver said that with a short rest and some food, they would be able to finish the journey without waiting till morning.

It so happened that Sophy was paying a visit at the very house in front of which the hack had stopped. She heard the driver say something about Mrs. Annandale, and running down the steps she flung open the carriage door and discovered Nelly, little Jean and Fred.

Of course she went home with Nelly, but the next morning Lou and herself took advantage of the returning hack to reach the railroad at Athens, from which place they joined

us only a short time after Janet, who had gone by rail from Augusta to Marietta, and had traversed the rest of the way in a farm wagon.

This ends the story of the most eventful year of our lives, but our sufferings were as nothing when compared to those inflicted upon the women of Virginia, East Tennessee Columbia and New Orleans. Inflicted, not as citizens, but especially designed for them as women.

It was impressed upon us that our devotion to our cause was a crime for which we were to be punished to the utmost limits of our enemies' power. Is this to be forgotten? Is it natural or even possible?

There will not be another war in our day, at least, and remembering the disastrous termination of our late efforts, I cannot wish that the struggle should ever be renewed. Do not think I wish to rake up old wrongs, and stir up old strifes. Far from it. "The past is with the eternal past," and I would that it, with all its miseries and unavenged cruelties, were swept into oblivion.

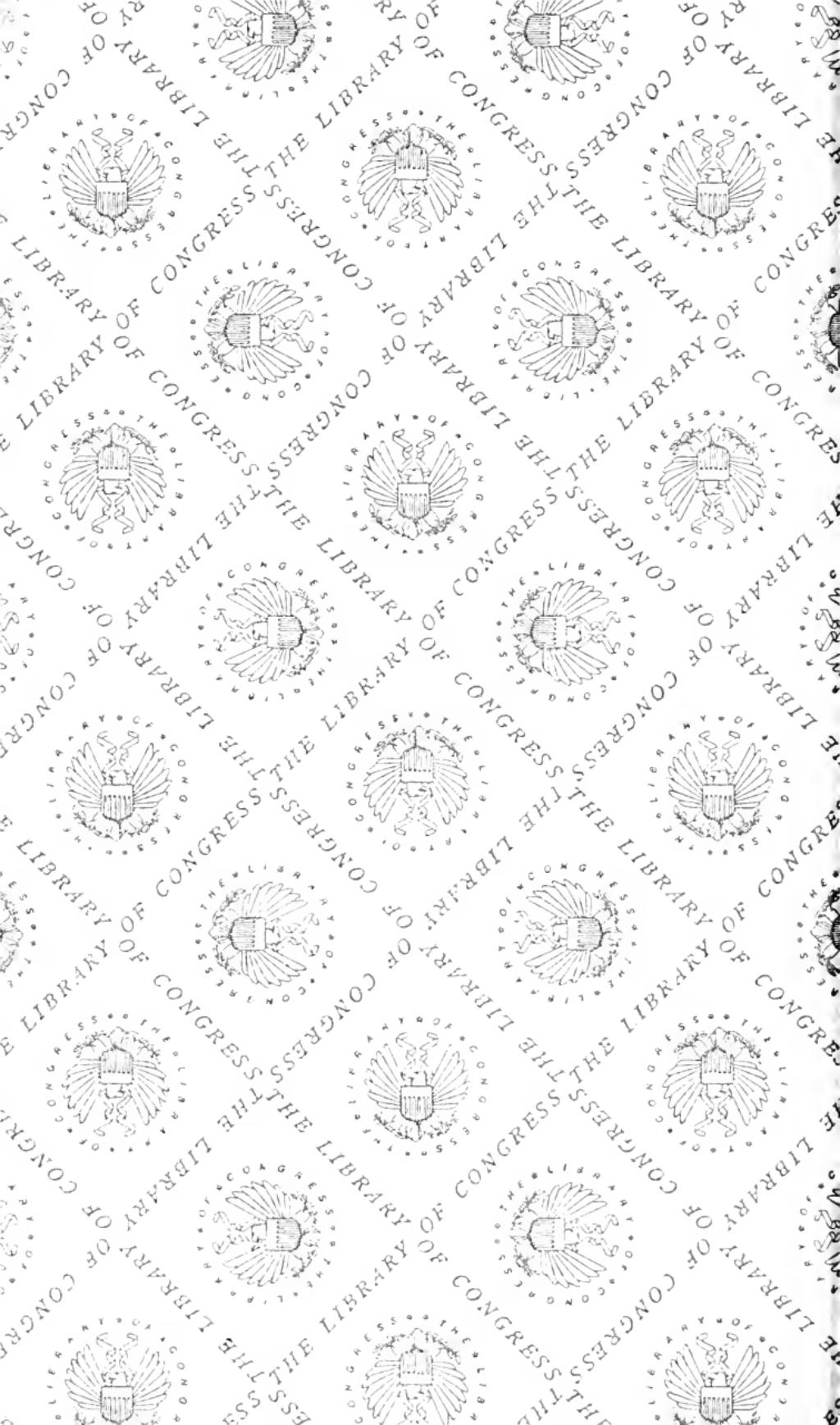
But for the Southern woman there flows no such beneficent stream. The hearts that were wrung with anguish, yet beat; the eyes that wept themselves into blindness, yet ache for the sight of the loved and lost.

When the Southern woman loses her rev-

erence for truth and honor; when her deepest affections change with the shifting winds; when memories, sorrowful and bitter as the waters of death, are cast aside and forgotten, then, and not till then, can she tear from her heart's core the memory of our glorious past.

THE END.

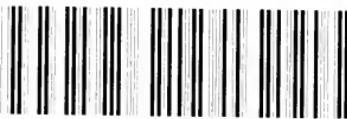
RD 160.



DOUGLASS BROS.
LIBRARY BINDING

ST. AUGUSTINE
FLA.
32084

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 013 763 972 5